SEE PAGE 14

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

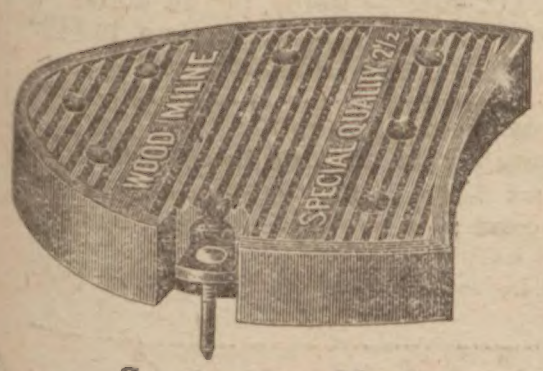
No. 67. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 12TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/3 per pr.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d.; Gents', 9d. per pr.



Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/6 per pr.

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An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

2. Your Comfort.

Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a WOOD-MILNE heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a Turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

3. Your Pocket.

WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that WOOD-MILNE heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.

But, and a Big But.

They must be WOOD-MILNES—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine WOOD-MILNE heel has the name WOOD-MILNE moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By that you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all Bootmen.

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FREE TRIAL of SANDOW'S Spring-Grip DUMB-BELLS

FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS**, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/5** each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made.*

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells, the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

Why exercise with the Bells has a remedial as well as a strengthening effect is easily explained. If the muscles are not in a strong, healthy condition the various functions of the body cannot be performed in a proper manner, and such common complaints as Indigestion and Constipation are caused by the stomach muscles being in a weak and unhealthy condition. When these muscles are strengthened by proper exercise, stomach troubles are relieved.

Liver complaints are impossible when that organ has been invigorated by the Dumb-Bell exercises, and is able to carry out its duties in a proper manner.

The great benefit which the nervous system receives from the strengthening of the muscles relieves such nervous troubles as Insomnia, Debility, and Nervous Headaches.

Some may ask, "Is it really possible for naturally delicate people to gain health and strength by using the Grip Dumb-Bells?"

We answer, "Yes, it is possible; in fact, it has been done in innumerable cases," and we are prepared to prove our assertion. The Bells have brought health and strength to thousands, and they can do the same for you.

The springs being removable, the Dumb-Bells can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete. Nickel-plated, packed in handsome box, with polishing cloth. One pair will last a lifetime.

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Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed.....

Address .....

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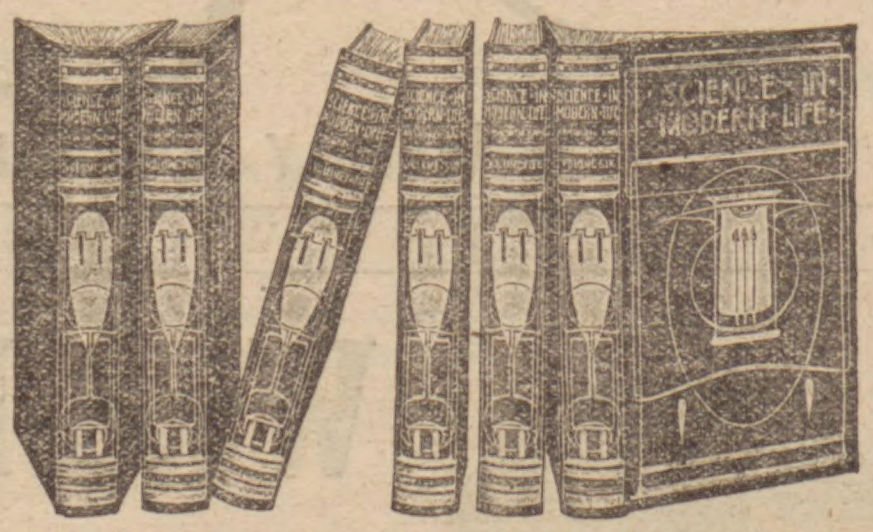
*Please cross out sizes not required.

What Do You Read?

Few pleasures of life compare with the pleasure to be derived from reading. But whilst reading is a good servant it is a bad master. What do *you* read? Novels to kill time, or books that increase your knowledge of men and things? So much is now heard of aeroplanes, radium, wireless telegraphy, submarines, and monorails that the importance of an all-round knowledge of these and many more similar subjects cannot be denied. Such knowledge will ensure a warm welcome from less well-informed friends, and pave the way for higher things in your business career. We here give particulars of a book which will supply this knowledge in simple language, and does not cost as much as a daily newspaper each day.



SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE,

Edited by PROF. J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A.,
with the co-operation of the following eleven eminent Specialists:

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BENJAMIN MOORE, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Bio-Chemistry in the University of Liverpool.
J. W. FRENCH, B.Sc., Editor of "Modern Power Generators," &c.

SCOPE OF THE WORK.

The work sums up in an accurate and yet a readable fashion the present state of knowledge in Science—The Nature and Cause of Sun Spots; Origin of the Solar System; Origin of Mountains; The Ice Age; The Nature of Volcanoes and Earthquakes; The Nature of Matter; The Röntgen Rays and Radiography; The Properties of Radium; Electrons and their Work; The Physics of Soap Bubbles; The Spectroscope and Spectra; Dispersal of Seeds and Fruits; The Eggs of Deep-Sea Fish; Serum Treatment of Diseases; Progress of Sanitary Science; The Importance of Heredity; The Theory of Natural Selection; The Finsen Light and X-rays; The Cradle of the Human Race; The Races of Mankind; The Submarine; Plant Associations; Strange Extinct Animals; Evolution of the Animal Kingdom; The Progress of Scientific Agriculture; The Village Community; The Life History of the Eel; The Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages; Aeroplanes and Dirigible Balloons. Briefly, the object of *SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE* is to give a connected account of present-day science, with special reference to its influence on modern life. Man and his needs: this is the alpha and omega of the book.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 67. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 12TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

VICTORY!

A WRESTLING IMPRESSION.

"Time!"

He gives you a brief grip of the hand as you pass on the mat, and then wheels with arched back and faces you with outstretched hands.

He looks very powerful, but you have a quiet faith in your own abilities in the grappling game.

Lightning memories of past encounters dart through your mind. Other opponents have looked just as big and strong as this one, and—you half carelessly brush away his hand as it rests lightly upon your neck, but like a flash his other hand brings down your head with a jerk that makes the sinews crack.

He nearly had you on your knees that time.

As he recoils slightly with the force of his own effort he straightens himself for a second. Now, sharp, your right arm whips round his neck, you spin round under him—a mighty heave, and he comes flying across your hip and lands heavily on one shoulder.

Quick!—no—too late, he's on hands and knees. The hard work begins now; you've got to turn him over. Like a snake your hand glides under his armpit and up over his neck. You lock your hands, and then slowly his head goes down under the leverage.

He's turning—one shoulder is down! You feel the vibration of his gasping breath; he can't resist much longer.

How many hours is he going to stop like this? A week flits by, then ten years. Your back and shoulders are creaking under the terrific strain.

His body is twisted half over now from the waist upwards. You dimly wonder when the devil his legs will follow suit. It looks as if he must twist in halves presently.

Phew! it's hot work. You feel a maddening, itching sensation at the roots of your hair, and a tiny stream of perspiration runs round your forehead. If something doesn't happen pretty soon you'll have to turn off the strain.

A subdued chuckle comes from one of the onlookers. That's done it. He's laughing because you can't get things to move. A mad burst of strength comes over you. His legs have turned; he's on his back, one shoulder barely three inches from the mat—or is it three miles?

Damn that shoulder—it won't shift.

Hot, tearing sobs jerk past your ear—the song of tired lungs. You join in the chorus with a taste of dust in your mouth. Suddenly down flops that confounded shoulder with a rush, but the other one raises itself an inch. Quickly you spreadeagle your whole body and bring every ounce of weight and strength to bear upon that inch which lies between you and victory. The blood surges in your ears, and a red mist blurs your sight.

A light pat comes on your back—you have won! Scrambling to your feet, you allow your opponent to rise. He reaches out for your hand—a real good "sport."

A. G. GRANT

CHEEK.

The facetious gentleman who writes the theatrical notes for "London Opinion" exclaims that "What with Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry already under contract," Mr. Oswald Stoll is "catching the big ones with a vengeance." We, personally, imagined that he caught them with large sums of money.

* * *

Says a writer on ladies' fashions, "A big muff is a possession to the woman who has yet to endure several months of cold weather." Many theatrical young ladies think that even a little one is very acceptable—so long as he has enough money.

* * *

Certainly, Halley's Comet is a long time in turning up; but we do wish that wags would leave off writing to say that when it *does* comet will be a good thing. Such puns invariably pall in time.

* * *

THE LATEST THING IN JOURNALISM.

[There was much talk, in a recent lawsuit, of the "Humanities Department" of the "Daily Mail."]

A feature of the "Daily Mail"
You'll notice if you scan it, is
One which its countless readers hail,
A Section of Humanities.

Should a paper's lady scribes be kissed
By editors who ran it? is
A problem that must not be missed
When dealing with Humanities.

"Do Winkles Waltz?" or "Should Shrimps Shave?"
Are questions grave, not vanities;
And fitting treatment they must have
Among the "Mail's" Humanities.

But is the latest rumour true?
We're told Lord Northcliffe's plan it is
Quite soon to start a feature new,
A Section of Inanities.

* * *

"There is no truer saying than that one marriage makes many," observes a writer in "Black and White." "Yes, indeed," mused dear old Mrs. Footler, "these large families nowadays are getting quite dreadful!"

* * *

At the forthcoming Empire Pageant arrows fitted with whistles are to be used, so as to "sing through the air." They will excite considerable jealousy among unsuccessful candidates at theatrical voice trials who are unable to sing any air through.

* * *

An Austrian Baron was recently fined at one of our County Courts for threatening to "stick his groom to the wall like a sardine." No doubt this simile suggested itself to him as he was himself slightly "canned" at the time.

J. S. COX.

RABBITS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S MOST SPORTING QUARRY.

The popularity of the nimble rabbit among sportsmen of all sorts—shooting-men, that is—is a tribute to the little animal that he well deserves.

Not the wealthiest owner of acres of well-preserved pheasant covers will despise a day with the rabbits. He will find all his sporting energies fully alive when he takes his stand at a favourable point and awaits the result of the ferret's investigations below ground. He will feel as much of a thrill, as he raises his gun at the first rabbit that bolts, as the youngster who is trusted with a gun for the first time.

Alike with the man who lives in the country and can get as much rabbit shooting as he wants, and with the City man who can only leave town now and then for a day's shooting on the farm he has discovered, the rabbit is equally popular. With those to whom a day's shooting comes as a very gift from the gods or as an angel's visit once or twice in a "blue moon," the rabbit is practically the only quarry we think about.

Even the keeper, who gets as many shots as he cares to take, likes to go out with the express intention of taking a couple of rabbits home for the pot. Indeed, no man who handles a gun at any season looks disdainfully upon the rabbit.

There are numerous excellent reasons for this universal tribute to the rabbit's value in the shooting world. In the first place, when a man is filled with the desire to go out and shoot something he often has no other choice.

All game may be enjoying the peaceful security of the close season or it may not be accessible to the sportsman. And so he turns to rabbits with pleasure, knowing that they will never fail him.

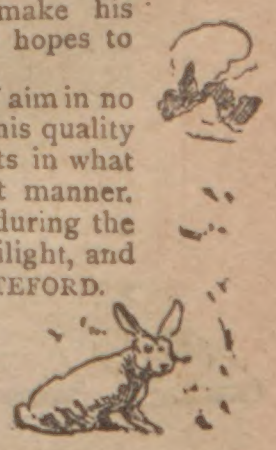
There is none of the tameness in rabbit shooting that attaches to modern pheasant slaughter. When a sportsman is pretty sure that he will have anything from fifty to five hundred pheasants driven over him within easy shot, then he is rather apt to sigh for a little more of the wildness and roughness that there are in rabbit shooting.

A man may stand near a rabbit warren all day and never see the tip of a rabbit's ear. He has to seek them out and approach them by woodcraft and stealth if he would enjoy the sport. He has no advantage over the rabbit, which knows the ground much better than he does.

There is, as a rule, no warning of the coming chance. Even with ferrets the bolting rabbit has a wide choice of holes at which to make his sudden appearance and from which he hopes to find fresh cover.

The sportsman can learn quickness of aim in no better school than among the rabbits. This quality is most in demand when shooting rabbits in what to the writer is by far the pleasantest manner. This is by strolling round their haunts during the evening before the light has become twilight, and tricky.

R. WHITEFORD.



A Man and his Camera.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY.

The majority of people have no idea—to paraphrase a well-known comedienne—"what a lot a man can do with a camera" even during the winter months.

Most amateurs seem to be possessed of the notion that a camera has ceased to be of use when summer is over, and that it ought to be laid up in lavender or something less fragrant until the advent of spring, when the fancy lightly turns to thoughts of photography.

But it is a mistake, for there is plenty of scope for the photographer while the hunting season is in full swing, when the ice is crowded with skaters, when the golfer plays on the wind-swept links.

And the man who dabbles in the chemical picture art will miss a great opportunity if he does not take up his camera and go out and snapshot a few winter effects on the first clear fine day he has at his disposal.

SNAPSHOTS THAT ARE WORTH SOME TROUBLE.

Winter photography differs from spring and summer photography, and this is one of the points which the amateur must be sure to bear in mind.

But you can get some uncommon pictures, if you care to put up with a little discomfort—in tramping over rain-sodden roads and snapshotting Nature at flood time, for example.

For you must admit that one amateur photographer's collection is terribly like another's, and variety lends spice even to so fascinating a hobby as photography.

The photographer, unhappily, is not often an artist, and, apart from the amateur's crude work, there is usually a lamentable absence of suitable subjects; or even if the subject is all right the treatment leaves much to be desired.

A man with a camera should aim at making a picture as well as taking a photograph.

FINE EFFECTS.

Winter, too, is a capital season for the town photographer, for a common suburban garden is transformed by the Frost King's fingers into a veritable fairy scene, and here is a chance for the man and his camera to make a photograph that shall be at the same time a pleasing and a unique picture.

Or a laurel bush with a fine network or tracery of hoar frost over it is a subject that may be suggested as worthy of your photographic skill.

A homely picture may be made of the snow man in a neighbour's back-yard, with a group of merry-faced children round it.

Sporting studies will naturally appeal strongly to the photographer who is also a sportsman, and a good deal of variety and considerable interest can be infused into a photograph by making the Nature study subservient to some sport.

For instance, a photograph of a muddy stream with bare banks and leaden sky is of very little interest; but bring in a disciple of Izaak Walton and you have an angling study which will appeal to every angler.

Hunting studies are by no means general, and yet they make capital pictures if properly treated, and are by no means difficult to do.

Choose your country, however, for the photographer cannot alter and embellish like the artist. The divine imagination is not so powerful with the photographer, who manipulates a camera, as with the man who handles a brush, but he can choose his scene at least.

AT THE MEET.

A lawn meet on level ground makes a much clearer and better photograph than one where wooded heights form a background. Or a picture may be made of a stretch of road with a couple of happy but weary huntsmen returning home after a long and exciting chase.

Or yet another of the whipper-in, with two or three of the hounds—the pack, by the way, does not make a satisfactory photograph.

It is just as well to remember when taking outdoor pictures during the winter, and especially those dealing with sporting subjects, that plenty of light is needed, as the exposure is necessarily rapid; otherwise the result does not come up to expectations.

Mention has been made of water pictures, and during the month known as "Fill-dyke" an enthusiastic photographer can usually take as many as he wants of these particular studies, with or without a sporting addition. A photograph of cattle in a partly submerged meadow, or a solitary horseman on the bank of a swollen stream would be pictures as well as photographs.

SUNSET PHOTOGRAPHS.

A capital time to take these subjects is just before sunset, when the dying sun is shining his farewell from between cloud drifts. The same remarks apply to snowscapes. They must be taken when the sun is nearing the horizon. Midday photography is often a dismal failure.

It is, therefore, important that particular care should be taken with regard to the lighting.

In a landscape such as this you do not want everything to be clearly defined and hard. The printing has much to do with the soft effect you want to get.

For subjects, the most picturesque, of course, are country ones—a thatched cottage, a hayrick, or a village graveyard with a Norman Church as centre-piece.

But the snow's white mantle covers many deficiencies, and even a city churchyard looks very different in this setting to what it does at other times.

THE DEVELOPER TO CHOOSE.

With regard to the developer for negatives of water or snow photos authorities differ.

For the first, possibly the best is pyro-metol, for the latter pyro combined with ammonia and bromide. But it is largely a matter of choice, and every amateur has his own ideas on the subject.

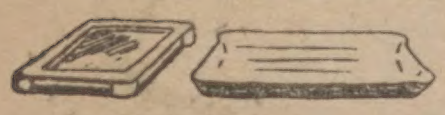
For a snowscape the only papers to print on are bromide and gaslight; any other will absolutely spoil the picture by nullifying the effects.

Of course a man and his camera can accomplish other things besides these. He can, if his fancy leans that way, use it for scientific purposes, and the "indoor" months give him ample opportunity.

He can photograph the Nature treasures he collected during his summer holidays. He can also improve himself by practice, and, it may be suggested, by study.

He might also go over his stock of negatives and prints and get rid of all that are of no use, or not worth saving, and so make room for another and better batch to come. Take it all in all, there is no finer hobby or more interesting pursuit than that which a man has with a camera.

G. REYNOLDS LANE.



BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

SEVENTH LESSON.

I have received many letters from those who have been following this series of lessons in boxing, and I am happy to say that the vast majority of them are complimentary. Many readers have taken up boxing with these illustrated lessons as their sole means of instruction, and I am pleased to hear they are making rapid progress.

There is nothing like a round with the gloves for putting new energy and life into a man, but it is hopeless sort of work if you do not know the elements of the game. Two men may put on boxing gloves and pound away at one another, but they will only have the satisfaction of rapid and vigorous movement, for, unless they know something about boxing, they can have no scientific enjoyment in the pastime.

By carefully studying these lessons, however, and by practising them frequently with a friend, you infuse into your exercise the element of science, and you will have the pleasure of knowing that you are working on the right lines.

XIII.—A very neat trick hit.

I could teach you a good deal more by actual demonstration, but I am safe to say that such a complete exposition of all the hits, guards, and counters in boxing as I am now giving weekly has never before been attempted in literary and pictorial form.

Some correspondents have pointed out that the system I am showing is the English style, and they claim that the American system is better. To them my reply is this: the American system is based on the English system, and you must know the simple English system before you try any elaboration of it. Every great fighter has a style of his own, but in each case it is an adaptation of the standard system.

Learn the hits and guards that I give you and, when you have thoroughly mastered them and become expert in bringing them off, it will be time enough for you to experiment with elaborations.

The thirteenth hit is a very pretty one. Guard your adversary's left lead with your left forearm, keeping the forearm horizontal till you have received his glove upon it. Have the elbow well up, and the palm turned to the front. As his glove strikes your arm, pause for the fraction of a second; then quickly twirl your arm round towards his right, so as to bring his glove down to the pit of your stomach. Then put on to him a right-hand body blow, keeping your knuckles uppermost.

XIV.—On the back of the ear.

This is a very good hit, for it takes your adversary completely by surprise. To work it off properly, you must do it very rapidly and must keep your arm contracted while you are twirling his.

The fourteenth hit is a variant of the last one.

Here you twirl his left when he leads off, in precisely the same manner as formerly, but this time you counter him not on the body but on the back of the ear. When putting on this blow keep your thumb uppermost. If you were fighting with naked fists it would be with your back knuckles that you would strike him.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Rock

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Ah love! Could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

"Let us go somewhere where there is breadth and space and freedom to talk it over," said the woman.

"When?" said the man eagerly.

"To-morrow. He goes out of town then and won't be back till the following day."

"But can you manage it without his knowing?" he asked.

She smiled faintly.

"Then," he continued, "let us go to the place where we met that summer of six months ago."

* * * * * * *

So it was that the inhabitants of a certain fishing village on the west coast saw a sight upon the next afternoon to which they were unaccustomed at that season of the year. For the time was February, and the two walking along the rock-strewn beach away from the village were obviously people of quality.

They rounded the headland and were gone.

"I like this," said the woman with a laugh, halting and turning to look over the grey, tossing sea.

Keen and cold though the wind was, she held her face up to it as to a welcome friend.

And the man, watching her, swaying and lissom in the breeze, her left hand holding her hat, her skirt fluttering, the ends of her sable stole streaming out behind her, said in a low voice:

"It's splendid."

She turned to him, and a strand of brown hair blew across her eyes. She was flushed, her eyes were sparkling, and she looked radiant with happiness.

"You've got to enjoy yourself to-day," she said. "No more misery, no remembrance. Just—this . . ."

"I am enjoying myself," he said.

"Then you don't look it," she retorted, with impudence only sweet. "Come along."

She took his hand, and they went along like children, picking their way among the rocks, their feet slipping in the loose shingle.

"The great big world," he said.

"Yes. We don't know there is such a place in the town."

"The sea. And what's beyond? There's room for you and me over there, beloved; and who would know who we were—or care?"

Her hand tightened on his for a moment.

"We should take ourselves . . . and our memory," she said, after a long pause.

"But couldn't we?" he urged tensely.

"Oh, don't let's talk about it yet. Let's forget. Listen to that gull! What's it saying? Is it lonely? The world's big, but it's no bigger than its heart. I think the cry of the gull is always miserable. It always seems to me to be seeking something it has lost. But perhaps it's only hungry," she added hopefully.

"Isn't that bad enough?" he said.

"Oh, it's nothing to be hungry for food."

He stopped and pulled her round to face him.

"That's true," he said. "But what you hunger for is not what I do."

Her clear, candid eyes understood him, but they did not waver.

"It is," she said. "Only you don't know what it is so well as I do."

"I hunger for you, but you don't for me."

She shook her head slightly with a brave smile on her lips.

"You would find that nothing if you had it," she said. "And you could never make me hate myself like that."

He looked past her to the vast unresting sea, and the agony in his eyes died away.

"It's true," he said. "That would be sordid."

They walked on in a long silence.

"What is it we both want?" he asked at length.

"What we can't get," she answered with momentary bitterness. "It's the same all through life. As children we cry for the moon. As grown-ups we still cry—for the moon. Only, with most, they take something in exchange. And we ——"

"And we?" he said.

"We *can't*."

Again they were silent.

"Would it have been different if I'd met you before you were married?" he asked heavily.

"I don't know. You didn't, you see. Things happen like that."

"If you were less of a good woman——" he began.

"You would love me less," she said. "And I can't be different from what I am."

"I wouldn't have you different," he said.

And suddenly they both laughed together.

"Oh, how *silly* it is to be serious!" she said. "There's a small cave in the cliff sheltered from the wind. Let's sit in there."

"When life is such a little matter after all," he said, as they made their way to it, "why be so scrupulous about what we do?"

"Ah," she said, wisely, "but it is all we have, even if it is only a little."

And he made no answer.

He spread a corner of his coat for her to sit upon, and they sat, their shoulders touching, staring out over the grey waste of water.

"You're not feeling the cold?" he asked.

"No," she said.

And a long time passed without a spoken word.

The waves of the incoming tide beat and broke on the shingle a short distance ahead of them and sent spray over the rocks, crashing near by and roaring untiringly in the distance. The light of the sunless afternoon was waning.

"What's the time?" she asked.

He searched for his watch with numbed fingers and told her.

"In half an hour we must go back," she said.

She said it calmly, as with a sense of duty there was no escape from.

"Back?" he echoed mechanically.

"Yes."

"To the same old life?"

"Yes," she said, steadily.

"And there's no way out?"

"None—except to go on—waiting."

"I can't wait," he said, almost piteously.

"The moon is too far off to reach," she said.

He put his arm round her shoulder suddenly and strained her close.

"I've got you," he said, and he was shaking violently.

She reached up a hand and held his, and lifted up her face to gaze at him.

"All that there is of me is yours," she said, simply. "You wouldn't want to spoil it."

"I don't know," he said, and his voice rose to a cry. "I don't know. If you belong to me I want all."

"Oh, my dear," she said. "If you would only see that you have all."

"But your husband," he retorted fiercely. "He owns you by no right, except the right of pedantic law. He cares nothing for you. He doesn't understand you. He wouldn't care if you left him, so long as there was no scandal. There need be no scandal. We could go away quietly, right away, and be together. And then no power on earth should take you from me. Why won't you? Why won't you?"

He shook her in his earnestness, and then as quickly as the gust of passion had come it passed. For the steady serenity of her gaze never faltered.

"Oh, God," he groaned. "Why does the beast in me want to make you a beast?"

She put her arm round him, bent his head towards her and kissed his lips.

"It is only a bit of both of us," she said. "The rest is infinitely better and stronger."

"Yours is the strength," he said.

And he got up and went and stood at the mouth of the cave.

For more than a minute he was absolutely still. Then he turned round, and his face was white.

"Can you swim?" he asked.

She rose quickly and joined him. The sea was lapping the cliffs at either side. Only the narrow stretch of beach before them was uncovered.

"Can you?" he repeated sharply.

"No," she said.

"My God!"

"You mean——"

She, too, had gone white to the lips.

"I mean that we're cut off. We're over a mile from the village and there are cliffs all the way."

He darted out a few steps and swept a glance over the sheer face of the rock above them. He ran down to the water-edge and stared right and left, his arms strung down to his sides.

She remained passive, watching. He came running back, to take her arm, to attempt to speak, to drag her out to *see*.

"You must go," she said at once, "and try to bring help in time."

"In time. There wouldn't be time even if I could do it. There won't be a footing here inside a quarter of an hour. My God! what have I brought you to?"

"Never mind that," she said. "You must make a try."

"And leave you?" He laughed.

"Then shout."

He shouted with all the power of his lungs, but his voice sounded small and hollow in the empty sky. And a wave washed over his boots.

He gave it up at last, and looked at her with great horror in his eyes.

"What now?" he said in a whisper.

But he dared not wait for her reply.

He turned at a touch on his arm.

"I'm not afraid," she said. "Are you?"

"For you I am," he groaned.

"Can't you see?" she said quietly. "It is Fate."

"Oh, heavens, but for *you* to die!"

She took his convulsive hands and held them till they quietened, and a strange light of exultation illumined her face as she saw courage grow calm in his.

"We have been groping in darkness for a way out," she said, "and now we've found it. I think I'm rather glad."

They stood side by side with locked hands, gazing at the advancing waves.

"You see that rock out there," she said, pointing. "It will be submerged soon. But it will still be there, strong and steadfast, when the tide goes out. Love is like that. The sea of life rises up and covers it—but the rock lasts."

And a few minutes later she turned to him.

"Why wait?" she said.

And after they had kissed they went to meet it.

A BACHELOR'S SPRING-CLEANING.

IF YOU WANT IT DONE WELL, DO IT YOURSELF.

Spring-cleaning—it's not a name to conjure with, is it?

Time was when it filled me with horror and dismay. That was when I had never participated in the annual upheaval, and had not yet learnt how to perform the apparently necessary "clear-out" with the least possible inconvenience to myself.

Looking back, it is a mystery to me why one's feminine relations should make such a dreadful bogey of spring-cleaning, or why it should be needful to rout one out, half starve one and upset health and temper, and turn the house topsy-turvy while they spring-cleaned!

"It's absolutely necessary" they told me. "You're a man and don't understand."

That was at home, but I found it was just as bad when I went into furnished "apartments."

"Please, sir, do you mind breakfasting in the kitchen this morning? Ma's spring-cleaning your sitting-room."

EVICTED.

Or on my return home in the evening my landlady herself would meet me with "As a favour, sir, do you mind sharing Mr. Smith's bedroom to-night? I'm turning out your room."

Well, the upshot of all my painful experience was this, that if ever I had a house or suite of rooms, I would do all the spring-cleaning myself, and on a very different plan.

That time came at last when I quitted furnished digs for a place of my own; and this is how I set about spring-cleaning every year, and I actually enjoy it! I have a small flat consisting of three rooms, with a small tiled hall, and so on. I may mention that the time at my disposal is strictly limited—evenings off and one half-day a week.

My rooms are fairly large and very simply furnished. But in spite of a weekly "charing" by an inefficient assistant, they get dirty and "cluttered up."

GETTING TO WORK.

Every spring I remedy matters, however. First of all I don a painter's jacket, my oldest trousers, and a cap—the latter to keep the dust out of my hair—and start on the hall.

First the umbrella stand is shifted—a mahogany one—which I afterwards polish with furniture paste, and put back again.

I whitewash the ceiling, dust down the walls, and thoroughly wash the tiles with skim milk, rub up the panelling with beeswax and a duster, and jolly tired I am when I've finished. That's only one evening's work.

I next prepare the sitting-room for operations.

This I attack gradually by removing all portable articles into my bedroom, and thoroughly overhaul them, clean and rub them up there in spare moments. This rather fills up my spare space, but it leaves me also a fair field to work on in the den. I have no carpets, only linoleum and thick rugs. The latter I shake out of the window at night, and beat as well as I can in the room.

Then all pictures are removed and dusted carefully, the glass washed, and the oak frames polished, while the shabby gilt ones are treated to a coating of gold paint.

I roll up the rugs and put them in my bedroom and pile the pictures on the top, glass downwards. Then I whitewash the ceiling.

HOW TO TREAT A CEILING.

Most amateurs neglect to wash the ceiling first with soda and water, but this extra trouble pays one, for it is much easier to whitewash afterwards, and the ceiling looks ten per cent. better. I always use a flat brush for whitewashing, though some men can do as well with a round one, but you can't take the wide sweep that you can with a big flat brush.

I first brush down the walls with a clean feather broom to get the dust off. If they are only a trifle dingy, I clean them, or rather the paper, by rubbing with the crumb of a stale loaf or with a dry indiarubber sponge. Occasionally it is by no means a difficult job. I don't trouble to strip the old paper off, but just dab the fresh one on and cover up all deficiencies by hanging the pictures so as to hide all doubtful amateurisms.

The first time I essayed a paper-hanging job there were a good many of these deficiencies, but practice taught me how to avoid many of them. I have learnt that the waste edge on a piece of wall-paper ought to be cut off, that there is a right and a wrong way to it, and that the pattern must be taken into account, and if possible matched, and that you should begin to paper from the ceiling and not from the skirting board.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF GAS FIRES.

I have a gas fire, so I don't have to bother about sweeps, but I clean the fender and fire-irons. They were a present from a maiden aunt, and though they serve no other purpose, they help to furnish the grate. But being brass, they require a good deal of polishing to keep them bright.

The windows I clean with a rag dipped in paraffin, and then rub them up with a chamois leather, and they are done in no time, and the room looks much brighter.

I have no rags of curtains to hold the dust, but just hang up bead curtains. These require no cleaning—just a dust down, and they last practically for ever.

The floor-covering only needs washing well with warm water and soap, and a little of the ever useful paraffin, which removes dirt like magic, and has a fine clean smell.

ECONOMY IN RAGS.

As this is the time I overhaul my clothes, I am at no loss for a floor-cloth or dusters. The remains of a flannel shirt come in handy for the floor, and a summer one makes fine dusters. Handkerchiefs that are no longer presentable make good polishing rags, and so do worn-out socks.

After all is straight in the den, I take on the bedroom.

It is pretty plain sailing here. The bed is a plain iron one, and I exercise my muscles by overhauling it, and screwing up the wire mattress, which is apt to get loose during a twelve-months' use.

Then I thoroughly brush the hair mattress and send the blankets to the laundry, putting a clean pair on the bed in their place.

The floor and walls and ceiling are treated in the same way as in the other rooms, and then I turn out the kitchen.

And the whole flat, when I have done with it, is as spick and span as when it was first got ready for a tenant.

WILLIAM T. MALTBY.

AN APPRECIATION.

ONE WRITER'S OPINION AS TO WHY "THE MODERN MAN" HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL.

[I have received the following letter from a very well-known lady novelist, and I print it because I think it reveals one aspect of the secret of this paper's attractiveness. Her name I suppress, as she requests me to do so in a covering letter.—EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may be that from the Editorial Chair—I had almost said the Editorial saddle, so deeply is the love of horses expressed from time to time in THE MODERN MAN—and in the weekly business of doing what I believe is called "getting the paper to press," you have little time to sit and think of the wide effect of all that you print. But that there is a very real purpose in THE MODERN MAN, over and above the primary desire and intention to brace and invigorate the mind with racy and manly reading, I, as an onlooker and disinterested spectator, should like to have the opportunity of testifying.

To me, then, the one quality which makes your paper unique in the productions of the modern printing press, and the feature that must give it a tremendous influence among the men of our country, is that in all you publish there is the true atmosphere of the open country; the unmistakable ideal of a sound body and a sound mind which can be achieved only when cultivated in surroundings that are not vitiated by the inherent narrowness of cities and the lack of exercising room.

Far from being able to swing a cat, one is hardly able, in cities, to swing one's own arms, and the cramped physical condition induced leads in the end to cramped mental outlook.

I defy any man to take a broad and generous and comprehending view, either of his neighbour or his nation, if he is for ever shut up in a city and if he never lifts his eyes unto the hills with a desire to get to their summits and look round about him.

We are apt to credit our sailors, officers, and men with the majority of the manly qualities. We are quite right in doing so, for no men have wider views physically, and no men form truer judgments of things politically and in every other way. The life of the open air endows a man with a dash of that ding-dong up-and-down fighting spirit that generations of town-dwellers are in danger of losing, if they have not already lost it.

Living cramped up in cities, we are so easily able to dodge round corners and avoid the unpleasant facts of life. Comfort lulls us into a sense of false security, and a softness steals gradually into our view of things. In the town we can avoid watching the sternness of Nature's own methods—red in tooth and claw—and so come to the false conclusion that *all* the world's business can be settled by polite correspondence or the make-believe of diplomacy. There are some things, however, that these means fail to settle, and then comes the turn of the man who knows something of the play of elemental forces of strength, experience, competition, and the realities of fighting.

These are the men on whom, in the last resort, every nation depends for its preservation. And who are the men having these qualities? They are the men who have not allowed a town life, forced upon them by economic pressure, to rob them of all that is truly masculine and vigorous—the men, in short, to whom THE MODERN MAN makes its weekly appeal.

It may be that you have hardly gone so far as this into the question of your journal's influence, but all this lies, as a matter of fact, behind the vigour which you express and the tone you maintain; and the influence is all the stronger in that it is not the conscious aim of your paper, but rather the underlying note that reveals a man to himself by giving him a zest in "all that may become a man."

If you care to make use of this letter I am agreeable, though it was written solely as between you and me as individuals. Still, I think there are scores of your readers who will agree with me in my views.

SOME HINTS THAT WILL BE OF USE TO RUNNING MEN.

Though at the time this article is in the hands of its readers winter will not yet have given way to the approach of spring, still it is safe to say that innumerable athletic clubs all over the Sister Isles will be following the lead of the universities and the public schools, and starting their track-racing season.

So that, no doubt, the following article, containing, for the most part, hints on running races of various distances, will prove of service to a good many of our readers.

It is a fairly cautious statement to make that of all track races, sprints are most popular with spectators and competitors alike. Onlookers prefer a race in which excitement runs high all the way; and that short distances are favoured by competitors is proved by the fact that handicaps at 100 to 150 yards hardly ever fail to produce a bigger entry than the longer events.

THE SECRET OF SPRINTING.

The chief points which conduce to success in sprinting are regularity of stride, consistency of "high-pressure" speed throughout, and last, but most important of all, starting quickly.

Remember, when trying to attain perfect regularity of stride, that the great thing is to bring up one leg quickly after the other. Many sprinters spoil themselves by ceaselessly striving after a lengthy stride. Don't bother about the length of your stride at all. If you concentrate your attention on following up one step quickly with another you will find that your strides will gradually lengthen without effort on your part.

To practise the keeping up of your highest rate of speed over the whole distance, the best way is at first to confine yourself to bursts of speed over distances of about 30 yards, not more. Get a friend to time you, and when you find that you can do this distance at your highest speed fairly consistently, lengthen it to, say, 50 yards, and so on until you can cover the full course at your fastest rate.

THE LATEST START.

Now we come to the best method of starting; and this applies not only to sprint races, but also to events over longer distances.

Up to about twenty years ago the start that was most in vogue was to stand on your toes with the right foot seven inches or so behind the left, and to keep the body at right angles to the starting-line. Since then the American method has found favour. This is to bend down with both hands gently resting on the line. At the crack of the pistol the man picks himself up, as it were, and dashes off.

But while this style is certainly excellent, and very widely used, it has, in my opinion, to take second place in favour of a method practised by a very well-known amateur athlete. This is to start with your left toe on the starting line, right foot some two feet behind it, the right leg slightly bent, and your two arms stretched out, the right forward and the left backwards. Then, when the pistol is fired, "dab" down, as it were, with your left foot, and you will not be able to help yourself from shooting forward and bringing up your right foot as sharply as possible. If you try this, I feel sure you will soon quicken your start by fifty per cent.

We will now turn to races over what may be called middle distances—the quarter- and half-mile. The first-named is well within the scope of most sprinters, and is at the same time largely patronised by men who are good at the half and the mile. In this case it is clear that different tactics must be adopted by such men in quarter-mile races.

MIDDLE DISTANCES.

From the start the sprinter must make full use of his superior speed, and dash off so as to obtain as commanding a lead as possible, for, if not, he will find himself unable, later on in the race, to put in his fastest speed. The middle-distance man, on the other hand, should not over-exert himself at first, but rely on his greater staying power to wear the other down in the last stages.

Next to the sprint proper, the most interesting race to watch—albeit one of the most fatiguing to contest—is the half-mile. In preparing for this event, always "run to a watch," as the saying is, and remember to do the first half at your best speed, without, of course, tiring yourself unduly. A very fair average time for the half-mile is two minutes, or a little less; and to do this, the first quarter of a mile should take no longer than fifty-eight seconds. This leaves you four seconds longer to do the second half than you took over the first. The best way of doing the quarter-mile in the stipulated time is to be paced, at practice, by a man who can run it in less, and who will be able to draw you out.

THE MILE.

Of the longer distance races, the mile has one point in common with the half-mile. To win such a race, one must, in most cases, possess a considerable turn of speed. Here, again, running to a watch is a very important feature in training.

Lastly, here is a good tip. When you are finishing a race, struggle on to the end, even if you are dead beat. The other man, or men, may be even more exhausted than you; and a little perseverance may snatch a victory for you even in the last few yards.

G. B. CARDEW.

GAMEKEEPER: "You seldom come here shooting of late, sir."

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL: "I should like to, but I have such a great deal to do."

GAMEKEEPER: "What! Aren't you in the Government employ any more?"

* * *

CUSTOMER: "The meat that I bought here, Mr. Cleaver, was frightfully tough."

BUTCHER: "Do you know, ma'am, that one reason why there are so many poor teeth nowadays is because they do not have enough exercise?"

CUSTOMER: "But that steak could not be cut with a knife."

BUTCHER: "I quite believe that. There's some mighty poor cutlery on the market now. Did you say five pounds, ma'am?"

RELIEF-BURNING IN WOOD.

A DELIGHTFUL HOBBY.

Relief-burning in wood is a most fascinating and delightful hobby. It can be easily taken up even by those who can lay no claim to artistic talent, for any number of suitable designs can be bought.

Nor need the novice be possessed of mechanical skill, for the articles to be so decorated can be bought at most large emporiums.

Relief-burning is perhaps better known as poker-work, while it has a scientific appellation, "pyrography."

This hobby requires a special outfit, but it is by no means an expensive one. There are many good machines on the market, and the amateur can make a choice for himself.

It was once supposed that all the implements required were wood and the kitchen poker made red hot, but that is not quite correct. But for an outlay of from half a guinea upwards a proper set of tools can be obtained. The chief item is a spray arrangement such as barbers use, of which the bottle is filled with cotton-wool soaked in benzoline. The spirit is forced to the needle, and when once lighted this is kept at red heat.

To those amateurs who find half the pleasure of a hobby in utilising makeshifts and manufacturing their own appliances, it is only necessary to say that a spirit-lamp with a powerful flame and a strong firm table well away from any hangings and out of a draught, are the main essentials.

The proper tools for poker-work are made of platinum and are called "points."

Many amateurs, however, find them too expensive, and it is possible to do the work with steel-pointed instruments.

A brush must be obtained for clearing the charred bits off the wood. This should be made of wire or hard bristles. A scraper is also useful, but if the novice does not wish to go to this expense, he can use glass-paper for this purpose.

White woods are usually chosen for relief-burning, as the work shows up better.

As already stated, articles in some cases already designed for the worker can be brought at moderate prices, such as small tables, boxes, and so on. If the novice elects to choose his own wood, he must be careful to see that it is sound, and not new timber, and be sure that it has no knots. Sycamore, chestnut, and elm can all be used, while lime is a capital wood for relief-burning.

It must be clearly understood that poker-work is simply burning patterns, more or less ornate, into wood. There is deep burning and shallow relief, and what may be termed flat poker-work.

The essential point is to keep your implement at a certain heat. If you purchase a machine you will probably be supplied with all information on this subject. But if not, it will be enough to say that the point must be absolutely red-hot.

In choosing designs it is always advisable for the beginner to have a good bold one that requires little or no shading.

Before tracing it, sandpaper the wood. Then begin with the outline, and burn that in. The wood will probably get considerably charred in the process, but a rag with a drop of spirit on it will obviate this, and then after a brisk rub-up with the wire brush or bit of glass-paper, it will present a nice burnt appearance.

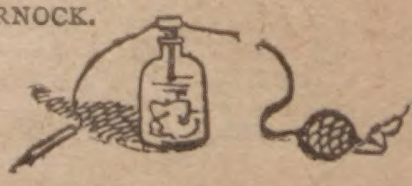
When the work is finished, it can be French polished if you wish; but it is a tedious process, and not to be recommended to the beginner.

There are many things which the amateur can make in poker-work. A cigar cabinet looks fine and makes a handsome present. Photo frames in either wood or leather lend themselves to this form of decoration.

Boxes of all sorts and shapes and uses may be made things of beauty by the aid of the modern substitute for the poker.

As with all hobbies it pays to do relief-burning thoroughly. Slip-shod work is an eyesore, no matter whether you are but a humble craftsman or aspire to be a great artist.

D. B. MCCARNOCK.



FROM OUR READERS

BILLIARD "HEADS."

It is a common saying that you should think twice before you play a level game in a billiard-saloon with a chance acquaintance who keeps a piece of chalk in his waistcoat pocket and calls the marker by his Christian name.

But there is an even more dangerous type of billiard head, an immaculately-attired individual with a glossy top-hat and speckless patent leather boots, who haunts the Piccadilly, Haymarket, and Coventry Street neighbourhood.

He is well known to all the billiard-markers round about, and he pays periodical visits to each billiard-room in turn.

Sometimes when a youngster who seems to have some money on him comes into one of these places the marker will ask him if he wants a game, which, of course, he does.

"Then," says the marker, "I think it 'ud be fairer to you to give you a game with someone nearer your form than myself. If you'll give me your name, I'll introduce you to "Captain" So-and-So. He always needs an introduction, for he's an awful particular gentleman."

So the youngster is introduced, and soon a large proportion of his ready cash has passed into the keeping of the so-called Son of Mars. He puts this down to his bad luck, but if he could see "Captain" So-and-So "sharing out" with the marker afterward, he would not be so sure about it.

THE ABOMINABLE ASH-TRAY.

It is a fairly safe statement to make that there is no article of domestic furniture which is more disregarded by the average man than the ash-tray which is so carefully placed upon his sitting-room table by his landlady or by precisely "tidy" feminine relations.

On no account does he knock his tobacco ash into it, unless he is a very abnormal being. If he is smoking a pipe or a cigar, the ash goes into the fireplace, and if he is solacing himself with a cigarette, the powdery flakes of burned tobacco find their way easily to the carpet.

No; the ash-tray is more than useless. It is an unmitigated nuisance.

PUNISHING A HORSE.

In a recent issue of THE MODERN MAN an article appeared under the above heading, and the writer evidently knows more than a little about horses.

But there is one point which he omitted to mention, and that is that if you really need to use the whip on a horse, you must use it in a way that leaves him no doubt as to what is meant.

A good punch in the neck may be sufficient when he is in the stable, but when he misbehaves himself on the road it is not sufficient to flick him with the whip. He soon learns to take no notice of that, for he has a fairly tough hide.

What you ought to do is to see that you have got a good grip of the reins, if you are driving, or the saddle, if you are on his back, and that you are prepared for all emergencies, and then to let him have it hot and strong. He will resent it at the time, but it will have a great effect for the better on his subsequent behaviour.

I remember at one of my first Territorial camps seeing our Sergeant-Major, who is without exception the finest horse-master I have ever met, or hope to meet, apparently treating a horse in the most cruel fashion.

I was leading the circle myself at riding-school in the same field, but I could not help watching what was going on.

The victim was a draught-horse that had given no end of trouble on the march the day before and that same morning, so the S.S.-M. set out to teach the brute a lesson.

He was taken out of the wagon, harnessed just as he was, and one of his forelegs was hobbled by doubling it up and passing a strap round the forearm and cannon.

Then the S.S.-M. took the long rein in one hand and a whip with a good long lash in the other and proceeded to thrash the beast pretty handsomely.

Having only three legs available, the culprit had to take his punishment as calmly as he could, and his attempts to break away were useless.

I thought it was brutal at the time, but when I saw the improvement in that brute's behaviour when he was put back in draught I changed my views entirely.

As a matter of fact, many of the blows probably fell on the harness, but in any case a vicious horse will profit from an occasional thrashing. He has got to learn who is master, just in the same way that a recalcitrant schoolboy has to do so.

Even the R.S.P.C.A. inspector realises that, although but few of the old ladies who subscribe to that excellent Society ever will.

THE KING'S UNIFORM.

"Why don't I join the Terriers?" said a chum in answer to the question I had just put to him, "Why should I? I have nothing to gain and a lot to lose by it, including my Saturday afternoon football. And, besides, my girl would not like my having to go to the bally drills in the evenings, when I should otherwise spend them with her.

"And, after all, what does it amount to at the finish? Why, pure *swank*. You join simply to parade about and fancy every girl has got her eye on you. If you were candid you would have to admit that it was the uniform that attracted you, and, in my opinion, if there were no uniform there would be no Territorials."

Now, I think that my friend is absolutely wrong. In the first place, he admitted that he had not broached the subject to his sweetheart, and my experience of the fair sex is that although they may pretend to be indifferent on the subject, they are rather proud of a man when he joins.

As to giving up football, I think that the man who puts football before his country is not worthy to serve it. And if by swank he means the pleasure and dignity of wearing His Majesty's uniform, then I admit that I am a swanker.

It is true, perhaps, that it is the uniform that attracts, but how many men join the "Terriers" solely for that? Not one in a hundred.

No, there is a spirit of patriotism behind it, and, personally, if the uniform was only an old sack, I should deem it an honour to wear it. Why not? If it is the King's uniform what matter what it looks like?

WHAT IS "FORM"?

It would be interesting to analyse the various shades of meaning that go to make up the significance of the word "form."

We talk of fluctuations of "form," in which case we mean variations on the part of a horse or an athlete from the standard of excellence which they have previously established. Then, again, we talk of an exponent of any game being in good form, our meaning changing, in this case, to "good fettle" or some such word.

Again, we talk about a player's natural form at his particular game, and here we mean something entirely different. We mean the essential aptitude for the game with which nature originally endowed him.

"Form" is a word which rolls very glibly off the average sportsman's tongue; but it would puzzle a very great many of us to explain on the spur of the moment what we actually mean by it.

MAKING A CYCLE SHED.

My bike was in the way in the house; so were a lot of my other things. The yard was a spacious one, and I obtained permission to put up a shed of some kind "if I could."

This qualified consent put me upon my mettle, and I set to work.

I got some match-boards for the walls and four good-sized posts for the corners, which I planted in the ground. Then I laid down planks to form the floor. These were rather uneven, owing to my not having been able to level the ground first.

The door I got second-hand. It was only just possible to have a tiny window, so I cut this out of the end wall and inserted a sheet of glass by cutting grooves in the boards and fixing it with putty.

I got a piece of galvanised iron for the roof, and when I had finished it, my shed was really not half bad, either to look at or for the purpose for which it was erected. It kept my bike dry and out of folk's way.

Inside I put up nails for my skates and bats and all the rest of my sporting things, and it was light enough for me to do repairs to the cycle and black boots, and when I put up a red shutter it did duty for a dark-room as well.

IN THE EXAM. ROOM.

Every one of us who has ever gone up for an exam. knows the dreadful feeling of suspense and breathless anxiety to which the unfortunate candidate falls a prey as soon as he enters the fateful room, sits down at his desk, and begins to glance over the paper.

Stage fright—which the majority of people imagine to be the most acute form of nervousness one can possibly experience—is nothing to it.

One regards the examiners, pacing round the room with stately tread, and with a fixed, steely look in their eyes, in much the same way as a nervous batsman looks upon the demon bowler or the lightning stumper behind the wicket.

These considerations often make a candidate forget one of the most important tips in doing his papers. This is, that he should always look over the questions and find out first of all those that he can answer without effort. He should do them at once as carefully as possible, and then—not before—he should begin to puzzle out the more difficult ones. The questions which he finds so easy may be the very ones on which the examiners set the greatest importance, and may alone suffice to pull him through.

OUR WEEKLY PRIZES.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers. They must have a bit of dash and appeal to *men*.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

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Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. Charles Shelley, 25, Sherman Road, Reading, Berks, for "The King's Uniform."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MASTER OF MALVERLY.

By T. W. GARDEN.

I have before me now a page from a leading sporting illustrated giving some half-dozen photographs of "A Day with the Malverly Foxhounds." Inset are photographs of the Master—in the right-hand corner—and the Huntsman opposite. They are equestrian portraits. Both are wearing the plush-peaked cap of the Malverly F.H., both are sitting in the same position.

If I were not personally acquainted with both, I might be tempted to wonder (ere referring to the letterpress) which man of the two was the Master and which the servant. I note, however, that Tom Tranter, the Huntsman, has cultivated a big moustache now, so that the members of the Malverly Hunt are not subjected to the risk of any possible mistake. Of these two and the manner of their meeting many tales are told.

This is probably the most reliable of them all, because I had it from the lips of the well-built, fair-haired Rex Valeham, friend of Charlie Lingfield's—and also of Tom Tranter's should he ever need that "friend indeed" of which the proverb speaks.

It is only too true that the members of the most exclusive Hunts have often interests in the meets of the season other than those the chase itself demands. Human nature being what it is, few go to church simply and solely for the purpose that churches are made. There is, similarly, often as much intrigue in a hunting field as in the Ministerial departments of South American Republics.

Wrangles begin over the breed of hounds, arguments as to their individual points, a preference for Ranter or Ringwood, Bellman or True, your own mount compared with your neighbour's.

Worst of all, however, is the trouble that arises over the reigning Diana of the Hunt. The man who admires her most will sooner forgive you for finding fault with the tilt of her nose than for agreeing with him in his observation that she is the most beautiful, graceful, gentle (and other superlatives) girl that ever sat upon a side-saddle.

It does not seem necessary to an impartial historian to represent Beverly Clease at the outset as a double-dyed villain, seeing that he merely agreed with Charlie Lingfield anent Miss Letty Silveray's many charms. It is the length to which that conviction led the handsome Beverly Clease that made him quite unworthy of the halo attaching to what romance there might be found in his devotion.

From Rex Valeham, who saw all things, it may be gathered that the war was declared first of all in the harness-room attached to the stables of Malverly Hall, Charlie Lingfield's ancestral habitation, which boasted its own electric-light-making dynamo and a hot and cold water installation.

"The chaps," said Rex Valeham—I prefer his genial style to any inadequate, dictionary-bound Journalese—"got sidling up to one another in a sort of veiled manner—both of 'em as big as houses you know. The harness-room was about as roomy as a bunk aboard a liner. They were bound to collide at the finish.

"Charlie opened the ball by stamping on Beverly's toe. I knew that would be sufficient. Charlie didn't apologise, but went on sort of strolling round and brushing his red coat at the same time. (He'd come a cropper that day, and you can bet old Beverly hadn't omitted to roar louder than anyone—'specially as Charlie was giving Letty a lead at the time.)

"It wasn't the real issue, of course, but off they went, hammer and tongs, bang away before the rest of the field—the other men in the harness-room—could sort of get into stride with 'em, as you might say. There was no opening for us to interfere in the interests of peace.

"They went from lack of apologies to personalities like flying! Looked jolly strange, I can tell you. There was old Charlie still holding the worn clothes-brush in his hand, and saying the most melodramatic things, and Beverly, having dark hair and eyebrows, was the dead spit of a Lyceum villain as he stood, drawn up very

classically, with the handle of his crop kind of restin' on his right hip.

"'Look here, you fellows,' I said, tryin' to pacify 'em with a little sprig of humour from my original répertoire, 'there ain't any limelight here, so stop parodying "The Whip." Leave to Cecil Raleigh the things that are Cecil Raleigh's—and shake flippers for the sake of auld lang syne!'

"'You shut up,' they said, both at once, and in no end of a paddywhack.

"'We can settle our differences ourselves,' says Charlie.

"'And outside,' adds Beverly, darkly.

"'With fists,' says Charlie, putting the lid on it at once.

"The rest of the chaps (who were feelin' very hungry after a particulary heavy day) objected in chorus and were, in their turn, insulted as creamily as myself.

"Outside they went, Charlie promptly flingin' on the bricks of the harness-room the coat he had taken so much trouble to brush. In vari-coloured shirts, old boy, they faced each other like a couple of fightin' cocks in full feather.

"But there was no prize-ring squarin' up about this little contest. Before Charlie knew where he was, Beverly let him have the most caddish blow I've ever seen—clean in the wind before Charlie was ready. As he was staggerin' back, Beverly's right was planted bang between Charlie's eyes, sendin' him over backwards into a squidgy puddle.

"*I* should call that a discouragin' start to a fight. I was for separatin' them, but the other chaps said they weren't goin' to interfere with other people's affairs in love or war, so off they went, leavin' me to pick up Charlie at the finish.

"'Where is he?' says Charlie, tryin' to look through grime and red, 'where is he? I can't see, I can't see!' he says, sort of screamin' mad and wind-millin' about all over the place.

"Beverly was simply dodgin' him just as he liked.

"'Look here,' I said intervenin', 'Charlie can't see you, Beverly—you cad. I vote an adjournment——'

"'Eliminate personalities and it's agreed on,' says Beverly to me, and while I held Charlie, whose eyes were now the loveliest black you ever saw in a prize-fight, Beverly put on his coat again, and waved an airy good-bye.

"But the bounder couldn't let slip the chance of a farewell smack below the conversational belt.

"'Hounds meet at Cruckley Park on Saturday,' he says, 'and where'll the Master be? Can't turn up with eyes like that, can he? So some other lucky fellow will have to give Letty a lead. Some other fellow,' he shouts from the dusky distance, 'and, it ain't hard to bet who that will be! Want a little wager, Charlie?'

"Luckily I paid more attention to the bars and rings than the books at school, otherwise Charles would have dashed off and probably smashed himself against the first gate he encountered.

"Well, I got him indoors, and saw him safe between hot blankets on a fair way to convalescence before I thought about leavin' him that night.

"'Damn cheek' was all I could get out of Charlie. 'Damn cheek. Called her Letty. Did ye hear that, Rex? Called her Letty?'

"I mumbled somethin' about fillies being kittle-cattle—which they are, to my mind, when you begin to take 'em seriously.

"After that he was hardly civil, and chuckin' a few instructions to me about engagin' the new Huntsman, he bade me good-night.

"I greased and——"

I interrupted my good and cheery friend Rex for a moment.

"What Huntsman?" I asked. Rex has a habit of leaving out the main points of every yarn he relates. Speaking of an exciting point-to-point race, he never fails to forget to tell you who won.

"There—hang it! Why, of course, ours is a subscription pack, you know. I act as secretary and honorary treasurer, and several other things. Well, we'd put our old Huntsman on the retired list. Rheumatics got him beat at the finish—so I've been acting the deputy. Well, Charlie was due to interview a new Huntsman—young man named Tom Tranter—at my place the next day. Chap came from the cut-me-down countries, and, according to all reports was extra spesh., even for that district, but, as in all musty classical employment, seniority could always give ability two stone and whack it easy. Wherefore his light was showin' under a bushel, with all the County sittin' on it in force—sittin' on the bushel, I mean.

"Next mornin' that chap turned up. I stared at him for a minute and then burst out:

"'Hang me, if you haven't got well dashed quick, Charlie,' I says. 'Whatever lightning cure for black eyes have you discovered?'

"'Haven't had a black eye, sir,' said the man, 'and my name's Tom Tranter.'

"Soon as he spoke, of course, I twigged the silvery tones of his voice were different, and after lookin' *very* hard I was at last convinced that it was *not* the fragrant Charles masqueradin' as a horsy gent of superior degree, but the applicant for the situation of Huntsman to the Malverly!

"'Come right along with me,' I said. 'Mr. Lingfield's face will be worth seeing when you come within his line of vision. But I'm sorry,' I added. 'Your presence in the hunting field would, I fear, give the local Socialistic agitator a very big peg to hang his airy persiflage on, regarding breed and blue-blood, &c., &c.'

("'Why hang me,' I thought. 'I think there are nobler characteristics in your physiognomy than in the features of Charles, and chance the Garter-King-at-Arms.')

"Of course I forgot you oughtn't to give invalids shocks. I went into Charlie's room without knockin,' as usual, bringin' the candidate for the Huntsman's sinecure with me. Poor old Charles, who, I understood, intended to get up and 'be damned to everyone,' sank back in his pyjamas when he spotted my man.

"'It's hallucinations,' he gasped. 'Rex, I can see myself standin' beside you in the worst-cut waistcoat that ever disgraced my Savile Row tailor.'

"'Rot!' I said, smackin' the excellent Tranter on the back. 'This is Tranter, our new Huntsman—that cannot be, I fear.'

"'It's a problem, certainly,' said Charles, recovering somewhat. Then for two seconds he fixed his eyes very hard on Tranter.

"'Look here,' he said, suddenly, 'your skill in the chase is a minor matter at the moment. Can you use your fists, Tranter? What do you think of that Rex?' he galumphed. 'Can he use his fists?'

"I caught his idea.

"'You mean the meet at Cruckley Park,' I very nearly yelled. 'What price Beverly?'

"'Thousand to three offered!' said Charles, 'if this man can fight. Fetch out the gloves, Rex.'

"'You're the sort of gentlemen it'll be a pleasure to work for, if I may say so!' said Tranter, when the situation was explained to him.

"I stood by with the boxing gloves.

"'Hold on a shake,' I said to the pyjama-clad Charles, 'I don't see how you can fight with your eyes in that state.'

"'*I'm* not goin' to test him. That's your job, Mr. Secretary,' he said. 'Get on the gloves, you fellows, and I'll call "Time"!'

("Cool of him, wasn't it?)

"He called 'Time'!

"The only comment I've got to make on that little boxing bout was that I think Tranter might have saved a lot of trouble if he'd kindly told me he was amateur middle-weight champion of his district.

"Not knowing that, I took a good deal of unnecessary trouble to convince myself and Charles. Also I got more knocks than I could comfortably have done with, but that, as they say in the story-books, is entirely by the way.

"'On form,' I heard Charles say, as I picked myself up from the Brussels carpet of the bedroom, 'it's a cert. for our man, Rex ——' I rose and collected my wits—'You'll arrange so that Tranter, talkin' as little as possible, shall fall on dear Beverly in some by-lane after a check, and slay him utterly in my name. Won't it knock him to see the pink of condition his unfairly vanquished opponent of yester eve is in.'

"'After that,' he added to Tranter, 'the Committee will kindly wait for your services a month. During which time you will cultivate a very heavy moustache. Savvy?'

"'Quite so,' said the excellent Tranter (who is to-day the best Huntsman the Malverly ever had)."

The irresponsible Rex Valeham stopped and allowed his thoughts to lose themselves in a pleasant vista, judging by his smile.

"But that's not all," I reminded him severely.

"All? Oh, no!" he continued. "Pity it didn't stop there, from Beverly's point of view."

With the instinct of the story-teller, Rex pauses here when he is relating these matters to you.

If you do not permit evidence of intense interest to show itself on your features, it is possible he may not further enlighten you.

Urged by my eager enquiry, however, he consented to continue.

"I managed it well. I must say it myself. I did it smartly; and, mark you, because of that caddish blow, Beverly deserved it all. We were merely fighting him with his own weapons. My glorious grand-aunt! It *was* a surprise when this suddenly recovered 'Charles' appeared taking command of the field as usual. According to the plan, we waylaid Beverly in a lane along which he was going at a confidential walk with the fair Letitia. I managed to get Letitia off with me on some pretext, and left those two fellows to it—Tranter and Beverly.

"When I rode back on my own, Tranter was bathing the handsome Beverly's head with a handkerchief that had been immersed in an adjacent ditch.

"Thus, my beloved hearer, was the Master of the Malverly Foxhounds revenged!"

Rex Valeham pulled out his case and offered me a cigarette.

I helped myself, and regarded him with much seriousness and just the necessary tinge of accusation that the situation demanded.

"As a teller of tales in ancient days," I observed, "any self-respecting Sultan would have chopped off your head. Where's the happy ending? What of the fair Letitia, and her Hunt-breakfast-blessed union with the Master of the Malverly?"

"Happy ending?" growled Valeham.

"All stories end that way," I said. "What happened in this case? And where is the maiden now?"

"Scratched, dear boy. Out of all engagements. Yet, considering all things, perhaps Old Charles had a lucky get-out. Perhaps it was a happy ending."

"What do you mean," I asked, feeling inclined to shake him.

"Mean? Why Letty married Beverly Clease three months later—that's all," said Rex Valeham.

A STARLIT RAMBLE.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

The old house was comfortable enough. On the red-bricked hearth a glowing fire was heaped high up the sloping chimney, logs and coal together having burned themselves out, leaving a red mass that warmed our legs and faces, and caused us to shift back a little to cool.

Two softly-shaded lamps, well trimmed and with replenished oil-wells, burned brightly and with a faint sizzle, now and again giving a flicker and sending a spark up the hot glasses.

The old-fashioned solid furniture stood in dignified silence round about, the dark age-coloured mahogany setting off the silver and plated cups and ornaments that were chiefly prizes and trophies won at agricultural shows by the old farmer.

Above the broad mantelpiece hung an ancient muzzle-loader, a bulbous powder-flask, and a pair of flint-lock pistols that may once have been looked upon by the farmer's grandfather as the last word in scientific knowledge applied to firearms.

Roomy and wrinkled leather chairs stood invitingly round about the hearth.

INDOOR COMFORT.

The white blinds were drawn close, and the atmosphere suggested all that was comfortable and traditionally British.

A long evening over the cards seemed the most attractive programme, perhaps broken by an adjournment for supper, a spicy, warm, country-brewed drink or two, and then to bed around about the "witching hour." Now and again the wind awoke in the outer darkness and passed over the farmhouse in a mild gust, setting up a minor skriek in finding its way through the crevices in the old diamond-pane windows, and echoing like the roar of distant artillery in the roomy chimney, up which, in the daylight, the sky could be seen.

Whether it was the challenge of the wind, or the growing restlessness in our limbs, or our inborn taste for roaming, or even all three influences combined, I know not, but as if moved by the same impulse my companion and I left our seats and looked inquiringly at each other.

THE LOVE OF THE OPEN.

Why stop indoors? This was the question in our eyes, and without delay we began to prepare for a sharp tramp through the night.

First our pipes were charged and lighted. Next we tightened up our leggings, donned our overcoats, selected a stout stick a-piece, and passed out into the silent night.

The beam of light that shot out into the inky darkness helped to make our temporary blindness the more complete. Coming from the inner warmth and light and comfort we found the night chill and uninviting. A dense black wall seemed to surround us. But by degrees the eye grew accustomed to its new surroundings, and we began to make out the shapes of trees against the blue-black sky that glittered with lights shining through an atmosphere clarified by an afternoon's sharp rainfall.

Up towards the village and its few lights we turned our steps. The place was silent and the road deserted. Only from behind the drawn blinds of the "Green Man" was there any sign of life, and now and again the voices of the village fathers were raised in argument. We passed without entering, and were soon on the high road beyond the church and churchyard, and the last house in the place.

THE MAGIC OF NIGHT.

The softened surface of the road grated pleasantly under our tread. Once clear of the village the influences of the night began to weave their spells about our senses.

It was the time midway between winter and spring—when one day is warm with an almost August sun and the next gives driving rain and sleet. To-night there was a calm, save for the desultory winds that came and went at intervals.

The sky had been swept of all its clouds, and the rain had let loose from the earth and the trees innumerable scents of new growths and old leaves. Our ears tingled and then glowed in the crisp air, and, as we increased our pace in sheer enjoyment of the bracing night, the smoke and sparks flew behind us from our pipes like the trails of two distant trains. The fragrant fumes seemed twice as sweet when drawn in with the night winds.

We were making a rough but wide circle round the farm, keeping to a route that led about equally over fields and roads, and now we had reached the stile where we were to change the course and take to the fields.

IMPRESSIONS.

Startled cattle stared hard in the midst of their measured grazing as we leapt from the hedge and struck out over the grass. Away down the slope the rising moon was silvering the river mist, and where the light caught the water we fancied we could see ducks feeding on the pools.

Through many fields we passed, climbing each stile with unabated spring, and plunging into the open again with increasing zest. Our appetites were rising now. We climbed the last fence and found ourselves upon the narrow lane, half road half grass-grown track, leading, a mile or more ahead, back to the high road.

Rabbits scuttled into the thick and still plantations of larch that bordered the track. The wind had died down, and in the calm, clear air the frost had increased. As we pressed on through the lane the grass rustled harshly against our boots, and we knew it was stiff with hoar frost. Winter was having its turn again before quitting the scene for many months.

HOME AGAIN.

Through our woollen gloves the sharp frost tingled about our hands. Little puddles in the lane were coated with ice. It was time to run. And so, well out of breath with much stumbling and slipping over the unseen ruts and tufts, we landed at last upon the familiar old road.

As we stood a moment before the last spurt home, the stiff old clock that had weathered many winters in the turret in the squire's stables tinkled out eleven. There was still time for a chat, and perhaps a game of piquet after supper. So off we strode straight for home.

Not a soul was astir in the village. The parliament in the "Green Man" was adjourned till to-morrow evening, and all the houses were silent.

On reaching the farm we found a table spread with many tempting things that had been thoughtfully left for us, and when we had eaten and were filled, a drowsy stretch before the dying fire was as much as we had energy for. And shortly afterwards two tired but contented men were sleeping—and probably snoring aloud—in two old-fashioned four-posters, heedless of the crowing cocks below the open windows.

C. EASTON-GREY.

THE PLEASURES OF MIDDLE AGE

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty the wit; and at forty, the judgment.—GRATTAN.

Twenty-one is apt to regard forty-one as an "old buffer." I well remember the painful shock it gave me when my young Oxonian nephew called me, his forty-year-old uncle, "Sir," and wanted to help me into my hansom after dining me at his club.

Forty-one, on the other hand, calls twenty-one a mere boy, sometimes stigmatises him as a "young cub."

However, I am not here concerned with the more or less friendly warfare between twenty-one and forty-one, and their respective and irreconcilable points of view; I merely wish to point out that middle-age has its especial and peculiar joys, that youth wots not of, though doubtless young readers will murmur "sour grapes," and recommend me to go and wrap my hoary head in a flannel-bag.

The middle-aged man has, or should have, learned philosophy. He may lack the golden, glowing enthusiasm of youth, but in place thereof he has a comfortable, equable outlook on life. If he be no longer easily uplifted, he is no longer easily cast down; youth's progress is of the switch-back order, the middle-aged man pursues the even tenor of a Great Western Railway way.

Above all, the man of forty has learned sentient enjoyment; his pleasures are largely intellectual, though I do not mean by that that he is bookish or a bookworm.

QUANTITY v. QUALITY.

Youth thirstily drinks the wine of life from a tankard, he swallows it barely conscious of its flavour, and sometimes he drinks to repletion. The middle-aged man sips life's nectar from a port-glass; he lingers over it, lets it roll round his tongue, and finds an exquisite and lasting enjoyment in the understanding of its precious quality and beauties. Quantity for youth, quality for middle-age.

Middle-age makes the best and most of Woman. To the young man Woman is an enigma, a puzzling, baffling, disturbing phenomenon, a source of unrest, often of unhappiness.

To the middle-aged man Woman is still an enigma, but he has abandoned the hopeless task of trying to solve her. He accepts her for what she is, a riddle, and in that acceptance finds peace. Women are kind to the middle-aged man; he is no longer to be subjugated, he is the captive of her bow and spear, and Venus Victrix is merciful.

AN UNWILLING CONFIDANTE.

True, it is exasperating to the man of forty to have pretty girls confiding their love-affairs to him, as they might confide in a father, but that philosophy which is the gift of the gods to middle-age salves his wounds, and again he has learned to appreciate. Youth would pluck the flower of womanhood and crush it in his hot embrace; middle-age admires the lovely bloom and is content to admire.

Middle-age has family joys. Children cluster round his knees, perhaps he has already sons out in the world. Youth lives for itself, middle-age renews its youth in living for others.

[illegible] reminds me that one of the truest and greatest joys of middle-age is teaching the young idea to shoot, more especially when the young idea is your own offspring.

The middle-aged father may be past such violent exercises as football, running, and rowing, but he can feel again almost all the thrills of his youth in teaching his boys to dribble and dodge, to sprint and start, to feather and scull. No personal athletic victory perhaps is half so sweet as that which is won by son of yours.

But of course the middle-aged man is by no means shut off from sport. In many sports he can more than hold his own against the young man. What he lacks of activity and agility he makes up for in experience and judgment. The old dog can still teach the young one a useful trick or two, and as before forty-one gets more savour out of sport than twenty-one. He is not so anxious about personal success, failure does not cut him to the raw. He has learned to appreciate the finer points of sport. A blank day with rod or gun does not blacken his sky, the absence of a "kill" makes little difference to him, for he is happy in testing his love of woodcraft or venery, and in savouring the fruits of experience.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

This is not to say that middle-age lives solely in the past. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and the man of forty has his ambitions. But he does not expect too much; he has learned to be content with little, and thankfully to accept what the gods may give him.

The middle-aged man has found himself. Youth is always more or less self-conscious, nervous, convinced that the whole world has its eyes upon him. Youth is haunted by the fear of doing the wrong thing or betraying his inexperience. The middle-aged man is sure of himself. Society is full of terrors and tribulations for the callow youth; the middle-aged man has learned to enjoy and practise the social amenities.

Then in business forty has come to the point where he can take an "easy" and experience the ineffable satisfaction of something accomplished, something done. Of course, he may not have succeeded, and to be a middle-aged failure is a ghastly thing.

THE SATISFACTION OF EXPERIENCE.

But if he has been reasonably successful, middle-age brings him joys of contentment, of honest self-satisfaction that youth can never know. He may have bought his experience dear, but the "interest" is worth having.

As I said at the beginning, the middle-aged man has learned to enjoy life intellectually; he is a connoisseur, he can distinguish true from base metal; he knows what is worth having, and of this knowledge is born contentment and many joys.

R. L. WHITLEY.

THE FASCINATION OF SMOKING.

Has it ever occurred to you that a very great measure of the fascination of smoking consists in the watching of the smoke-wreaths curling up, either from your cigar or cigarette or from the bowl of your pipe?

No doubt nine readers out of ten, when they read this, will scornfully reject such a suggestion and assert that the pleasure of smoking consists solely in the flavour and aroma of the tobacco.

But just try this experiment. Fill your favourite briar with your favourite mixture and for a few moments puff away at it in ecstasy. Then exclude all the light from the room where you are, and continue smoking; or, simpler still, *shut your eyes.*

You will find half the pleasure of your smoke depart at once; and this will simply be because you miss the sight of the smoke rising upwards.

RINKING AS A SPORT.

GAMES THAT CAN BE PLAYED ON ROLLERS.

There is no denying the fact that rinking is a fashionable craze which has caught on firmly and bids fair to continue to do so for some considerable time, judging from the number of rinks which have sprung up, and are still springing.

But there is another aspect of rinking which distinguishes it from a mere fashionable fad, and in this fact lies the sole reason for its future existence; that is its sporting aspect.

Just to be able to roller-skate or even to dance on rollers is not enough to raise it above the whim of the present, but bring in the sporting element and it at once ranks with cycling or even motoring.

"What sort of sport?" asks one of those to whom roller-skating is roller-skating and nothing more, or one to whom it is at its best but a poor imitation of ice-skating.

Well, an enthusiastic rinker will tell you that almost all games played on foot can be played on rollers, and some others besides.

Have you ever watched a rink polo match? It is exciting enough, I can tell you, and there is no little danger in it either—which after all lends the spice to athletics, no matter what the molly-coddlers say.

For all practical purposes rink-polo is the same as ordinary polo, with just the difference that instead of ponies you have skates, and sometimes these are a trifle more difficult to manage than the headstrong little brutes who think they know more of the game than you do.

"Punch," by the way, is doing its best to elevate and make a national sport of rinking by holding it up to ridicule. Ridicule does not kill in England, whatever it may do in other countries.

But the game which seems to be the most popular on the rink is hockey.

Whether it is that it is better adapted to rinking than other games or not, I cannot say. Personally I do not see why cricket or even football should not be added. While for the more timid rinker badminton may be suggested as a pleasant change from figure-skating or even dancing.

Of course, it must be admitted that all games require expert skaters. The novice would be at more than a disadvantage if he attempted to combine anything with the mere management of the rollers.

At first he must learn to skate; then after mastering the intricacies of the movements, he can, with the addition of much-needed pluck, go in for the games.

Hockey matches take place at several of the rinks, and some very fine play can be witnessed.

There is a comic side to rink-hockey, as there is to most sports. It is by no means uncommon to see a fine skater, but a poor hockey player, performing wonderful evolutions on his rollers, but making more misses than hits with his stick. He does everything he ought not to do—transgresses all the rules of the game, and is deaf to the referee's remonstrance. The only thing he is sure of is that he can play hockey; while those who can play, see that all he is capable of is skating.

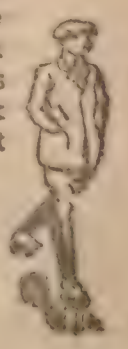
Novelty races are also well to the fore, but while these testify to the increasing popularity of rinking, they scarcely come under the heading of sport.

Long-distance races, on the contrary, ought to be encouraged, for there are many long-distance skaters who get little or no chance to show off their skill and endurance.

There are rumours that a five-mile championship is contemplated—of course, for amateurs—and possibly before long the rumour will have materialised into fact.

In conclusion, though rinking lacks the fresh winds and the pure air that make ice-skating one of the healthiest of all winter sports, it yet has a decided advantage, for our climate only gives us short spells of outdoor skating, and you can rink no matter what the barometer says. With that instrument the rinker goes not up or down.

C. L. BAILEY.



WHERE MEN FORECATHER

I.—THE JURY BOX.

I was expecting the usual judgment summons for the rates, but the long document with the blue cross outside which showed that it had been registered was unlike the customary red-lined "whip," informing me of the dreadful things the Borough Council were going to do to me if I did not forthwith pay up for the education and eeding of other people's children, the construction of tram lines which made the passage of the high-road more dangerous than swimming the Rapids of Niagara, the sybaritic maintenance of able-bodied loafers, and other altruistic and patriotic objects.

I fingered the strange document cautiously, wondering what new form of torture my tax-masters had devised for me, and then on the outside I saw the words "Jury Summons." My wife and the cat instantly left the room, though I shall maintain to my dying day that I was merely thinking of a vase I intended to buy for her—my wife, I mean, not the cat—and unconsciously uttered the word "alabaster."

My first real thought was, "How the dickens can I get out of this?" and I consulted a worldly-wise friend, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a journalist.

I believe his advice was sound. It was to the effect that when you have the misfortune to be summoned on a jury, the best thing to do is to go through with it.

EXEMPTIONS.

Of course, you may be legally exempt from juror service, as, for example, if you are over sixty-five years of age or an officer in the Navy or Army (which latter now includes the Territorials), though I believe that even an Admiral or a Field-Marshal may be compelled to serve on a Coroner's jury; or if you are a commercial traveller, or a solicitor's managing clerk, for in that case you are obviously all right.

Or, again, you may be seriously ill, or afflicted with infirmity such as deafness, and a medical certificate will excuse you, though remember that unless your doctor is prepared to certify that it would be dangerous to your life to attend the Court, you *must* present your excuse in person under pain of frightful penalties.

The average man, however, tries to dodge a jury summons. There are ways and means of doing so, but as THE MODERN MAN is nothing if not a moral paper, I am not going to disclose them. Besides, I have done my duty by my country, and I'll take jolly good care that no shirker escapes it through advice of mine.

A DANGEROUS GAME.

The point is that you may evade a jury once or twice, but you will rue it in the end. The gentleman who is responsible for the summoning of jurors is no fool; he has a wonderful "nose" for the bogus excuse, and successful evasion simply means that he will take particular care later on to get you in a lengthy case, and, generally speaking, to make things hot for you. When you get a jury summons, comply with it if you possibly can.

We were invited, I should say commanded, to be in a certain Court of the King's Bench Division at 10.30 a.m. on a Monday morning. Firmly convinced that Mr. Billington was waiting round the corner for me, should I be a few seconds late, I was there at 10.15 a.m. So were about thirty other jurors.

One touch of Law makes the whole world squirm. I discerned in the faces of my fellow-jurors that same unreasoning nervousness and anxiety that I, myself, felt. We might have been malefactors awaiting doom, and not good men and true prepared to do justice, even if the blooming ceiling fell on us.

We conversed in furtive whispers, and I heard more red-hot sedition talked in half an hour than I should have believed possible within the King's Dominions, always excepting a Bengali Babu meeting or a British Labour Party conference.

Every man appeared, like myself, to have been torn from affairs of world-wide importance, and we grew comparatively cheerful in agreeing that the country was going to the dogs and that the sooner the Germans came over and re-established the liberty of the subject, the better for poor old England.

CYNICISM AND HUMOUR.

Then Mr. Registrar appeared and a hush fell on us. He surveyed us through gold-rimmed pince-nez, and smiled a pleasant, though rather cynical, smile. I don't blame him for being cynical, for presently a deputation of about half the jurors waited on him. I drew nearer, and learned that these were the excuse-makers.

Some were all right, they were over age, and had been kept on the jury-lists by mistake. Others had medical certificates or pleas that satisfied Mr. Registrar, but some caught it hot—and slunk away tail between legs. One juror produced a six-months-old medical certificate that at that time he was suffering from a severe cold and was unfit to attend to business. I suppose he hoped the Registrar would not "spot" the date, but he did, and was quite chatty about it.

Now I will give you a tip: When summoned on a jury, don't tell the Registrar that it is very inconvenient to get away from business, and ask to be excused on that score. He has heard that sort of yarn before, and is a little tired of it. Remember that to serve on a jury is one of the noblest and most responsible duties that a British citizen can be called upon to perform. The more inconvenient it is to you the better pleased should you feel, for the greater is your country's debt to you. At least, that was part of what the Registrar said. I wonder, do all Registrars have twinkles in their eyes?

TOLD OFF.

The excuse-makers disposed of, Mr. Registrar did some conjuring business with a pack of cards and a small box, and then called out a baker's dozen of names. Having thus got his jury—I was not among them—he said that the rest of us might go, but we must return at 2.30. We duly returned, only to find that the first jury was still sitting. A second jury was empanelled in case of accidents, and the rest of us, among whom I again was, were dismissed until the following morning.

Here I may add that for my own part I was not called upon to sit until the Friday, but I had to put in an appearance at the Court every morning and afternoon, and never knew when my turn might come.

Some of my fellow-jurors had stayed on in Court that morning, and I learned from them that the first case had been a very "amusing" one—a seduction case, full of "spicy" and laughable details.

I felt glad I had fled from the Court the moment I could.

A motley crowd, my fellow-jurors; some in broadcloth, others almost in rags. To some, I have no doubt, the experience was welcome, a holiday, or maybe temporary assurance of a warm room to sit in, with more interesting fiction provided than that afforded by the Free Libraries. To others, obviously prosperous men of business—well, of that more anon. At last came Friday morning, and I was among the chosen. We filed into the box and tried to look unconscious.

HIS LORDSHIP.

Enter "my lord" and all rise. "My lord," pale and lined of face, thin and delicate of hand, takes his seat. The clerk rises, gabbles something, and we are sworn.

I wonder what kind of fare awaits us. Anxiety is soon allayed. It is an undefended case of the most commonplace description. Nevertheless, plaintiff's counsel must make a speech and earn his guineas.

A nice man, this well-known K.C. Not at all aggressively legal, a healthy-looking man; afterwards I learn, a once-famous athlete. He chats to us in a friendly, man-of-the-world sort of way, flattering us that we, too, are men of the world.

And then "my lord" has something to say—leaning his fine old face on his jewelled hand, he tells us that it is not for him in any way to seek to influence us, the verdict is in our hands—whereat we try not to swell visibly—but, but——

OUR VERDICT.

After a hurried whispered consultation we agree upon a verdict of £50 damages for the plaintiff. I don't quite know how we arrive at that amount, the plaintiff had claimed £100, and we assumed, as "men of the world," that he has asked for more than will content him.

We are sworn again, and quickly settle yet another undefended case, and then our arduous labours are over.

As we file out, an official of the Court presents each of us with two shillings—a shilling a case.

A fellow-juror produces his summons and asks whether he should not get it initialled or stamped so that he should not be called again.

"Oh, no," says the official, "you might be summoned again to-morrow so far as that goes."

The upsetting and interruption of my work has cost me about ten pounds. But I have done my duty by my country. And I may be called upon to do it again to-morrow. I should be charmed. My mental processes are arrested.

PETER GILCHRIST.

"HUMPH! Him! He'd run before he'd fight me!"

"I guess he'd have to."

PIPE v. CIGARETTE.

Despite the fact that comparisons are almost always invidious, it would be interesting to know which form of smoking the fragrant weed has the stronger hold on the affections of men nowadays, the pipe or the cigarette.

"Oh, I'd sooner have my briar than fifty boxes of cigarettes!" you will hear one man say; and such a remark would be sure to call forth an energetic defence from some devotee of the "Egyptian" or the "Virginia."

Of course each has its specific use. For instance, a man who never smokes anything but a pipe in the house will often carry a case of cigarettes with him for use in the streets, and numbers of connoisseurs of tobacco are firm believers in the rule of "a pipe after breakfast, a cigarette after lunch, and a cigar after dinner."

Cigarettes, perhaps, have a strong hold on the slightly lazy man. He cannot be bothered to carry about a pouch of tobacco, and a pipe which he has continually to scrape out before enjoying a smoke. He prefers a form of tobacco which is ready for use—namely, the cigarette.

On the other hand, many men with moustaches prefer a pipe, for habitual cigarette smoking is ruinous to a thick growth on the upper lip.

MR. FLATWELL: "Look here, you must have made a mistake? I haven't ordered a piano."

DELIVERY MAN: "'Taint a piano. It's your wife's new hat."

THE DIFFICULT TASK OF HANDICAPPING

IDIOSYNCRASIES THAT HAVE TO BE REMEMBERED.

The handicapper has few friends. He is more than something of an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man, every man's hand against him.

Nevertheless, few men can resist the compliment of being asked to act as handicapper, for it is in truth a very flattering request.

It means that your fellowmen regard you as an honourable and just man, incapable of partiality or of being bribed. It means further that they think you are a shrewd chap, a man who is not to be hoodwinked or bamboozled, who knows every move in the game, and can meet Greek with Grecian tactics, in short, a fellow who is "up to snuff." Finally, the invitation to act as handicapper means that you are recognised as an authority on the sport or game you are asked to handicap.

A good handicapper must indeed be a walking encyclopedia on his subject. Take the turf handicapper. If in the front rank he must know a tremendous lot about horses, riders, and courses, and his knowledge must be "extensive and peculiar," like Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London.

ON THE TURF.

Primarily, he must know what horses have done; information he can obtain from the records. His knowledge, however, must go far deeper than that. He must know the idiosyncrasies of the horses he is going to handicap. For example, horses, as is well known, "favour courses." Some horses run 50 per cent. below their true form on a round course; others give of their best on a circular track. The handicapper must know the peculiarities of horses in this respect if he is to make a fair handicap for, say, the Chester Cup.

Again, some horses like heavy going, others do not. Of course, the handicapper cannot foresee the state of the weather and course when the race he handicaps will be run, but still he may reasonably count on soft going in spring and autumn, and deal with horses winning during their seasons according to their liking for "mud." Further, in regard to past performances the state of the going at the time must materially affect his estimate of a fair impost, and he must make himself acquainted with it.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Then, as with horses, so with jockeys, the handicapper must take the "personal equation" into consideration where he knows beforehand who the riders will be. Jockeys, again, like their mounts, favour certain courses, and certain kinds of courses and also of races, and the handicapper must bear their human peculiarities in mind.

But, of course, the handicapper's chief "bogeys" are the roguish owner or trainer or jockey, and the roguish horse.

He must be able to judge when a horse has been "meant" and when it hasn't, he must be alive to those little dodges by which a clever and unscrupulous jockey will effectively stop his horse while apparently riding for all he's worth.

The roguish horse is, perhaps, even worse than the roguish owner. The handicapper can make things hot for the latter, but with the in-and-out horse, the brute that is a flyer one week and a tortoise the next, he is in a great difficulty. All he can do is to handicap the rogue on his best form, but then what usually follows is that the brute runs very badly in half a dozen consecutive races.

The handicapper thinks that after all he must have made a mistake and that the horse is a real bad 'un, and takes off the weight. The very next race the rogue wins by the length of Piccadilly, and obviously would have won with another two or three "stun" on his back, and the handicapper is reviled all round.

However, it is not given to many of us to handicap thoroughbreds, but the average man may often be asked to officiate as handicapper in a billiards, golf, running, or other competition.

It is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules for framing handicaps; different men have different methods, some preferring to work backwards from the limit man, others building up their handicap from the "back-marker"; but it is generally safe to handicap a man on his best form, more especially in the case of those brilliant, but erratic players who are the handicapper's bane.

THE HANDICAPPER'S BANE.

The dashing, uncertain player, the man who at golf does one hole in three and the next in thirteen, or at billiards will make 100 in ten minutes one day, and take forty minutes laboriously to compile 50 the next, is indeed the despair of the handicapper, and, as I say, the only thing to be done with him is to handicap him on his top form, however loud his wails.

But to the general rule of handicapping on best known form there are exceptions. Some men play much below their ordinary form in a competition, others much above it, and the handicapper must take this into consideration. At golf a good match player is often a very bad stroke player and obviously it would be unfair to handicap such a man for a stroke competition on his match form.

STRANGE CONCEIT.

As a rule the average man in a handicap protests that he is overweighted, but there are individuals who, out of some curious kind of conceit, are aggrieved when given a fair start. They would like to be on the scratch mark, though their capabilities in no way justify their being placed there. The handicapper, of course, will pay no attention to them. These curious gentry, I may say, really do exist, especially in golf, where they will only return their cards when they have made a good score.

Of course, there is the other kind; the men who try to conceal their true form or purposely play below it. But there, I assume that you are all good fellows, who run yourselves right out, and I hope that you, Mr. Handicapper, will be rewarded for your rather thankless task by the fulfilment of your dreams—namely, a neck and neck finish.

LESLIE WOODWARD.

AN INTERESTING PAGE.

One reader this week writes to tell us that the first page he turns to is not "The Notebook," nor "Rapid Physical Development," nor "Business is Business," nor "The Outer Man," but—the Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

There is much to be said for his selection, for in that page you can unearth much human nature if you look for it. Readers wish to sell or to buy something, and the man with an imaginative temperament can form his own conclusions from reading their advertisements as to why they want to do so.

The page is a very popular one, and all advertisers find it extremely profitable. When you want to buy or sell something this is your best medium.

SHOOT, JACK, SHOOT!

THE "HANDY MAN" AS A FOOTBALLER.

The bluejacket is a remarkably good footballer, considering his necessarily limited opportunities for play.

As one would expect, it is the Royal Naval Barracks that produce one of the most successful naval teams, for here practice and combination are more possible than with most of the others.

But it is by no means only the Barracks that can turn out a fine side. Many of the winning teams in past years have been those of battleships and cruisers, although the deck of a ship at sea does not offer much opportunity for practice.

At the same time, it must be remembered that Jack is generally well adapted to the game, he being as a rule on the short side, compact, active, strong, and "clever" on and with his feet, though not perhaps possessing the cat-like agility of his predecessors of Nelson's day.

Anyway, football—"Soccer" football, that is—has made great strides in popularity and excellence of play of late years. This has been largely due to the patronage and encouragement given to naval football by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, himself, as everyone knows, a sailor and a sportsman, too.

The Prince of Wales is patron of the Royal Naval Football Association, which was only founded in 1904, but is already a vigorous and flourishing body, with that very distinguished sailor Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B, G.C.V.O., for its president.

The great event of the naval football year is the meeting with the Army. Talk of Greek meeting Greek, it is mere child's play compared with what happens when Jack is out, bent on twisting the "lobster's" tail, while the "lobster" is equally set on getting his claws into some tender spot of Jack's anatomy.

The sparks *do* fly when Royal Navy meets Army on the football field, though, thank goodness, there is no dirty fouling, no deliberate tripping, no keeping the letter of the game but breaking the spirit of it into little bits.

Apart from the Army match, other great days in the naval football calendar are those that see the ties for the Navy Cup and the Inter-Port Cup.

Again, quarter is neither given nor expected on either side, and the battles are fought out to a desperate finish. Last year the Navy Cup was won, for the third year in succession, by the Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport, while the Devonport R.N. team also carried off the Inter-Por Cup.

Then there is the Atlantic Fleet Cup, held at present by H.M.S. Prince of Wales, while the "handy men" and the "sogers" meet again in such inter-Service competitions as the United Services Charity Cup and the Portsmouth United Services League. The sailors were on top last year, H.M.S. Excellent winning both these events, despite the best endeavours, in the first case, of the 16th Co. Royal Garrison Artillery and, in the second instance, of the Royal Marine Artillery.

Rugby has long been popular in the Navy, and if you have ever been tackled by a bluejacket, or what Captain Kettle opprobriously calls a "split-trousered mechanic" from a battleship engine-room, you are not likely to have forgotten it.

Even non-footballers have surely heard of Lieutenant Lyon, the famous naval full-back, who a year or two ago, in order to be in time to play in a great match, was specially conveyed to port from his ship at sea in a torpedo-destroyer steaming hell-for-leather. It may be remembered, too, that some unsporting Members of Parliament asked "questions" about this incident — blank them!

As a footballer, Jack is apt to be excitable, and to run himself off even his sturdy legs in the first half. But he is a thorough sportsman, takes defeat even from the vermilion-hued "lobsters" in the best of tempers, and plays the game with exhilarating dash and enthusiasm.

G. E. WETHERLY.

A MEMORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

There is very little in this world that can get the better of common-sense brains allied to true genius. These two excellent possessions, when welded together in the head and heart of man at birth, march on and on, and to them life's storms are as gusts, and the deluge of potential ruin naught but an April shower.

Now, I always said that Barmfilde Belatty was a common-sense genius. Let the fact that there are now branches of his business in every important town bear me witness. A man who can drag your heart out on that far from sentiment-assisting instrument the banjo, lazily "twink" off the final chord of an original "Reverie in F," and then turn round and ask the chief assistant in his workroom if he has got Mrs. Mugwump's "lower" set up yet, *is* something of a wonder, and it need surprise no one to see him get to the front.

When he *has* "got there," as the saying goes, and bank managers are polite to him, then you may take it for granted that the soul-thrilling banjo calls the waiting-room page-boy to the key-hole of the dentist's workroom no longer.

That is the state of affairs existing in these days in the faultlessly-managed head branch of Barmfilde Belatty's, Limited.

I write now of the place as it was when certain rather indolent youths (thank heaven, we have learned to use our time to better advantage since then!) would say, upon finding that strolling up and down the High Street had ceased to afford any amusement, "Let's go up to Belatty's."

Carefully avoiding the mat at the bottom of the stairway, because we knew it was fitted with a simple appliance which caused an electric bell to ring over the waiting-room door, we went upstairs as noiselessly as possible in order to avoid spoiling the temper of little Belatty, who had a strange prejudice anent disturbing the patients who were popularly supposed to be forgetting their agonies in the classic humour of ancient volumes of "Punch" that were piled up (and rarely disturbed) upon the dead centre of the waiting-room table.

Having gained the workroom, where the smocked Verulam and the similarly attired Branklin were seated at the benches, we were "all serene," as the ineptly nicknamed "Stingaree," the humorist of the confederacy, put it.

At our disposal—there were usually not more than three of us (which was fortunate, because there were only two rickety chairs and one large and naily box)—were the tobacco pouches of Verulam and Branklin and the matches belonging to Belatty, which were of the "timber-yard" type and took up considerable room in our pockets, if we happened to be without those necessities to smokers' lives.

Those whose idea of comfort is the Palm Court of the Carlton will probably fail to understand how supremely at ease we were in that bare, unfurnished, uncarpeted, upper room. The walls were splashed in parts with white droppings from the plaster of Paris composition from which the hideous-looking teethy "models" were constructed. When the sashes of the window would act (which was only in summer time) we could put our heads out and watch the passing show of life in the High Street, three stories below, calling out a salutation to such acquaintances of ours whom we thought worthy of recognition—when little Belatty was not about.

Inside, having learnt that Belatty was in a calm mood, we would settle down to an afternoon's simple enjoyment. Stingaree, being the fattest, was accorded the strongest chair. The level-headed, philosophical Chinnery (otherwise known as "The Bucolic One" or "The Bucolic" for short) occupied a creaky cane-bottomed seat which had been afflicted with ague since first picked up for fourpence by Belatty at a sale.

My importance in the quintet may be judged when I tell you that I was relegated to the box; and really it was quite easy, after a little practice, to sit down without piercing one's skin or tearing one's apparel. Anyhow, our motto in those days was to make the best of everything. A fellow who, when visiting Belatty's attired in a new suit, found that only the box was left for him, either remained standing or lounged against the bare mantelpiece (after carefully blowing the day's collection of plaster of Paris dust from the top).

Unless Billy Verulam was too busily engaged putting a golden "strengthener" into the red wax of an "upper" set before it was vulcanised, he would start the harmony with "Sweet and Low" or a jerky but melodious scrap of minstrelsy about a "Ring-tailed Coon" (whatever sort of coon that happens to be).

I look back and see those four familiar faces of my friends, and the memory of those afternoons up at Belatty's comes back to me. . . . We are deathly solemn. Branklin, our leader in matters musical, because he is in the cast of the coming production of "H.M.S. Pinafore," has his rather large mouth wide open and his pedantically-parted head of hair thrown back the while he beats time with a little palette-knife (which he uses, after it has been heated in the Bunsen burner, to smooth down the ridged wax round the "bicuspids").

There is his friend and fellow-workman, Billy Verulam, executing difficult alto movements—and "taking the bite" of a "complete set at two guineas." "The Bucolic One," admittedly no Caruso, is doing his level best, and "Stingaree" Cartney, in the easy manner in which he goes through life, is pretending, as usual, to be adding the tone and artistic touch to everything, while, as a matter of fact, he is doing simply nothing at all but making the best of a very moderate voice. On the box is the untidy form of a fellow I know best of all (but dislike very often) taking the treble in a falsetto voice and dropping into the alto where the air gets too lofty. "Sweet and Low," at the earnest conducting of Branklin, dies away like the swell of an organ. ". . . while my pre—tty one sle—e—ps!"

Someone coughs where the applause ought to be.

We look to Branklin for a suggestion. "White Wings" is his selection, while Billy Verulam thinks we had better give 'em "'Egypt'—when I've got this dam' bite right."

Mixed up between the two, we commit a false start, amid trenchant remarks from "dear old Branklinstein," someone is heard rushing upstairs three at a time. . . .

The door of the room is flung open. Enter Barmfilde Belatty, frock-coated and furious, demanding the lives of the adjective fools who were singing out of tune. Silence on the part of Billy Verulam, who puts work before everything, deep down in his heart. Little Branklin, the ever-important, finds that this "canine" does not match that "bicuspid," and says so. "The Bucolic One" glares through his spectacles at the wall. I become absorbed in the movements of a spider that has peered out of a crack in the mantelpiece.

Stingaree smothers a chuckle with difficulty and says to Belatty with great indignation:

"Look here, old B., what are you so stuffy about? Is this your place or *mine?*" he adds defiantly, and at once reduces the whole room to paroxysms of laughter, because of the dumfounded look on Belatty's face.

Belatty, whose curse in life is a sense of humour, has to smile, and he mumbles something about "not in the afternoons."

Stingaree pins him down to his statement and proves that he has given us all permission to sing "in the afternoons."

"No. In the mornings," says Belatty.

"Mayn't we sing at all, then?" asks Stingaree.

"Not in the afternoons," says Belatty accepting a proffered cigarette.

"Or smoke?"

"Not in the afternoons."

Stingaree continues with a rapid volley of questions anent things we should not dream of doing at any time, always getting the same answer. We know he will hop in and catch the genial Belatty in a minute.

"Well, may I breathe?" Stingaree concludes despairingly.

"Not in the afternoons," Belatty drones. Stingaree has such a reputation for wit that everyone promptly shrieks at his victory over Belatty, including Belatty himself, who, now remembering that he has a "patient" waiting in the testimonial-decked room, flies, after we have extracted from him a promise to return later with the banjo.

Even Stingaree holds his peace when Barmfilde Belatty returns with the banjo. Branklin openly lays down his tools and Billy Verulam, it is plain, is only pretending to work with the little blow-pipe. The good old Bucolic (whom we would all trust with our lives) smiles seraphically and fixes his gaze upon Belatty.

Fascinated, I watch his fingers dancing over the strings, picking out the chords faultlessly, beautifully . . . grandly! It is "something lively for a start," as suggested by Stingaree, whom all obey, not because they must, but because his gentle smile leads us to follow his word almost without question. Thus we listen, all attention-wrapped completely while this "Olley Oakley at eighteen stone three" (as Stingaree puts it, in racing parlance) obliges with "The Elves' Caprice." . . . "Pling-tinka-ponka-tinka-ponka plinka-tonka-tinka-tonka Pling-pong-ting-tong-tay!" . . .

I simply listen to the quavers and semi-quavers tumbling over one another, and proceed to wonder how he does it with only five rather fat fingers. So merrily it comes from the quivering strings that I would stamp with my foot in the quick march time if I did not know that Belatty will immediately slap his fat hand down upon the thrilling strings, and, without a word, return the banjo to its case. If you value your life at sea speak not to the man at the wheel. In the same degree, if you are fond of Art, be wary of disturbing the true artist, for genius is selfish, and demands a clear course all to itself.

Therefore, no one says a word until Belatty has finished, and then there is a chorus of "Don't stop. Go on, Belatty!" and such like coaxings. There is no doubting the sincerity in the young voices. . . . The tiny fire in the unadorned grate is burning red. Outside the haze of the afternoon is deepening, and the lines of the roofs opposite grow vaguer. . . . I would that those who believe that the banjo is naught but a coon-breakdown instrument could have heard Belatty when he "felt like it."

In the workroom our darkened faces are lit now and then by the intermittent glow of pipe-bowls. Not one of us stirs.

"Plink!" . . . Belatty has started on his "Reverie in F." Really, it wants a sepia-toned etching to put it all before you. Chinnery's lip is a little tighter now, and he has his right elbow on his knee, his parted fingers stuck in the right side of his head of hair. The glint of the pipe's

slow shows in the face of Stingaree, the humorist, the appreciation of art; Branklin, picturesquely posed in his statuesque fashion over all, looks straight before him into nothingness; Verulam's head is turned sympathetically aside from his work.

Thus we sit, until the aching reverie dies away to its tender finish. No one says anything. In silence we watch little Belatty replace the banjo in its case. . . .

Then someone lights the flaring gas, and Stingaree cracks a joke. We are down to earth again—because Branklin is indulging in a little unnecessary filing to cover his emotion—earth and the business of Belatty's workroom, that little pleasance where order rules to-day unchallenged.

Somewhere, though in a subordinate position, Stingaree is virtually ruling an electric works office. Branklin, under another name, is endeavouring to infuse some life into the few inane lines he has to sing in a musical comedy production at a London theatre. The business-like Verulam has captured an heiress of sorts and a country house, and troubles his brain with irrigation schemes.

Only dear old Chinnery patrols the High Street alone. Sometimes I wonder whether he gazes up at the new windows and thinks of the rickety sashes that once were there . . . whether he thinks of Belatty's as it was in the dim long ago.

FOR THE BOOKISH MAN.

No chap who loves books need be without them nowadays. For a few shillings a really decent little library can be got together.

I started with a tiny shelf full. Now I've made myself a bookcase in my spare moments and it's full.

A bookcase is easy enough to make, and consists simply of plain deal boards nicely planed and stained and varnished. Two holes are drilled at each end of the boards, and a stout piece of cord is threaded through and fastened with a knot under each shelf. Leave enough cord to hang up the shelves by at the top.

The books are of all sorts and in all sorts of conditions. Some represent finds in second-hand booksellers' twopenny or sixpenny boxes. Others are cheap reprints. A few are gifts from kindred-minded pals, and all have some special interest about them apart from their contents.

There's nothing rare about my library—nothing which a collector of costly editions or out-of-date books would covet—but every book-lover whose means are small will understand what I mean. It's just a man's library of well-thumbed volumes that he is not afraid of looking at and taking up to the accompaniment of a pipe.

CHALKING A CUE.

How do you chalk your billiard-cue? As in all other things, there is a right and a wrong way of doing this.

Success in the game depends more upon such apparently trifling points than most people imagine, and the enthusiast must give them his close attention.

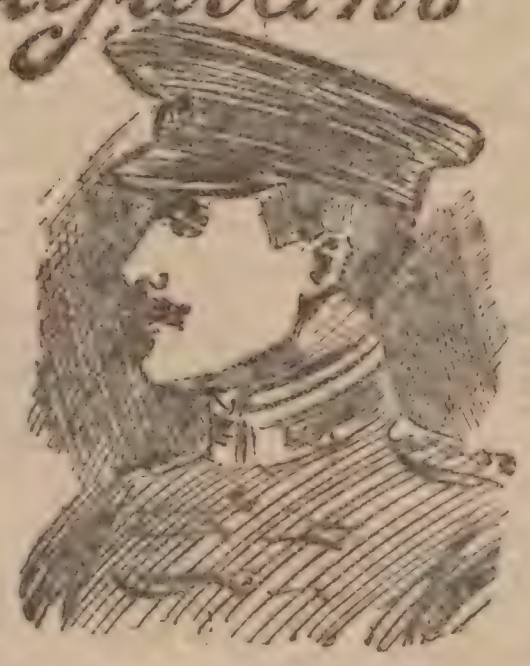
Watch the average amateur chalking his cue. He will rub heavily on the tip, thus probably rubbing off with the last stroke most of the chalk that previously adhered to it. Then, in nine cases out of ten, he will pass the chalk up and down the cue in order that it may slip easily along his fingers. Any professional will tell him most emphatically not to do this. The heat of the hand will moisten the chalk and make it "stickier" than it was before.

What the expert does is to rub his cue from time to time lightly with a handkerchief, and then simply to brush the tip once or twice with the chalk.

By the way, it is much better to carry a piece of blue chalk in your waistcoat pocket, at a cost of about twopence-halfpenny. Blue chalk adheres better; and by carrying your own you are spared the vexation of grabbing for the swaying cord that hangs from the ceiling.

The Adjutant

A SKETCH.



The Adjutant should be his Colonel's right hand. Sometimes the Colonel, body, boots, spurs, and all, is merged in the Adjutant, and that is bad, for no regiment is happy where the supreme authority is in the wrong hands.

But given a strong Commanding Officer and a capable Adjutant, in nine cases out of ten you have a happy regiment. The Adjutant has a difficult position to fill. He is the official channel of communication between the Colonel and his officers, and from him no regimental secrets are hid. The sound rule that a junior officer shall not be present when a senior is "called over the coals" does not apply to him, and he is in every way behind the scenes of regimental life.

He is bound to support his Colonel in every way, and he has all the privileges attaching to the post of confidential adviser.

At the same time, he must not abuse his position; he is generally a young man, and when he enters the mess he must leave the Adjutant behind him and become a young man among young men.

An adjutancy is worth, roughly, an extra £100 a year to its holder, but the work is certainly not overpaid. There is another side to the picture, which shows the Adjutant, splendid on horseback, jingling with chains and spurs, the trusted confidant of his superiors, the valued mainspring of the regiment. There is much drudgery about his work; he has to spend hours and hours a day wading through, signing, checking, and otherwise dealing with interminable letters, reports, returns, and other documents.

UNCONGENIAL WORK.

Generally, just because he is fit to be an Adjutant, he is an open-air, active, sport-loving man, and he finds himself to a great extent condemned to the sedentary life of a clerk and compelled to take an interest in those things which are abhorrent to the sportsman.

This calls for self-sacrifice, and he has to be selfless in other ways. He must be ready to give his life, or at least five years of it, to his regiment, and not only his life, but his money, for a good Adjutant must be prepared to dip pretty deeply into his pocket for the honour and glory of the regiment.

As a rule he does this willingly; such a man, at all events, was my first Adjutant, as fine a soldier as I ever knew. Frankly, I worshipped him from the moment he took my nervous self in hand on my arrival and made me free of his quarters and his wisdom.

He was a splendid-looking man, a six-footer, and very powerful, yet he could be as tender as a woman, and while there was plenty of "ragging" there was no bullying—a very different thing—in the mess while he was a member of it. Once a "rotter" who had come to us from another corps started bullying an inoffensive youngster. "Bootbrush" told him to drop it; he told "Bootbrush" to mind his own business, and the next moment he found himself hurtling through a fortunately open window.

IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY.

On duty "Bootbrush" was a terror; nothing escaped his notice, and, though you might be the best of friends in private, you had to "go through with it" if in his official capacity he caught you shirking or napping.

But he could temper justice with mercy; one guest-night I got more aboard than was good for me, and next morning I awoke with an aching head and the dismal consciousness that I had forgotten to sign the company's passes and other papers overnight.

I was only a young subaltern, but was temporarily in command of a company. The documents had been fetched away; my dereliction was bound to be discovered when they reached the orderly room, and I felt that I was "in for it." I need not have been alarmed. "Bootbrush" had helped to put me to bed, and, seeing the unsigned papers, had put his own official signature to them.

"Bootbrush" loved the regiment better than man ever loved woman, and I suppose the bitterest hour of his life was when, his father dying, it became his duty to chuck the Service and settle down on the family estates.

But he did not hesitate, for the cheerful performance of duty was ever his watchword and his ideal.

CHINSTRAP.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

There is no limit to the membership of THE MODERN MAN League, and although many thousands have already been enrolled, we shall not rest content until every Britisher, who is in sympathy with the spirit of the paper, is a member.

The objects of the League are by this time known to most of our readers. The League has been founded to encourage good-fellowship and good-sportsmanship wherever this paper is read—that is wherever the English language is spoken.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. (Actual Size.)

THE MINER.

A WORD IN HIS FAVOUR.

It is common amongst people who do not know him to regard the miner as a rough, rather ignorant, rather vulgar man given to the use of strong language and to the consumption of strong drink.

I know him as well as anybody—his strength and his weakness, his virtues and his failings. I was born amongst miners, the son of a miner, and I was a miner myself for seven years, and now that I have climbed clear of the mines to a somewhat better position I can look back upon the old days with pride.

It does one good, I tell you, to use a pick and shovel four hundred yards below the surface day after day for years on end. It stiffens your back, and a stiff back is a useful thing to possess when you start the climbing process.

He is the most independent workman I know, is the miner. Other artisans—I class him as a skilled artisan for reasons I shall make clear presently—may cringe before the oversman. He doesn't. He declines to be either servile or impertinent. He merely keeps his end up. If he loses his place—well, there are other places to be got. No difficulty about that. He seldom suffers from the uneasiness upon that score that troubles other artisans.

I use these two words again because they bring me to the point I promised to touch. Watch the miner at the "face." Grimy he is and half-naked, working in a poor light. But he displays a skill that comes only from years of hard training.

He is lying on his side now, under-cutting the coal with a pick, the shaft of which is two and a half feet long. To have picks sharpened costs money, and a false stroke means a broken or bent point. Every swing of the pick, from the shoulder, means that a little piece of coal is cut out. The progress he makes in under-cutting the coal during half an hour is amazing, and he never makes a false stroke. It is as though there were always some white mark for him to strike.

Try it for yourself some day when you visit a mine. (And a visit to a mine will prove an education to anyone.) Try to swing that long, heavy pick with the knowledge that to hit an eighth of an inch wide of the desired mark means a point blunted. It is not easy. It is very difficult indeed. Hand and eye must work in perfect harmony.

Then, again, this particular kind of coal must be worked in a particular way, but next week he may find himself in a new mine where the seam of coal is thicker or softer or harder or tougher. The new coal will require very different treatment. It must be studied, and so expert is he that very little study is sufficient to tell him what must be done.

There are other points I might have noted, but let these suffice. I submit to you that the miner is a skilled artisan, and highly skilled, too.

Rough, is he? Well, spend your own days away from the light of the sun and you will probably be a bit boisterous yourself when you have a day out.

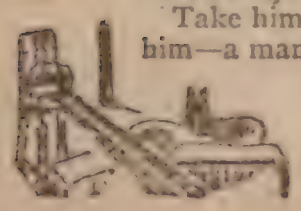
Meet him and talk to him at home, and you will find him a thinker. Can you wonder at it? Day after day he works alone, and no man can do so with an entirely vacant mind. If you get to know him, and only if you get to know him, you will discover for yourself that in a rude, untutored way he studies many social and political problems. His opinions may be crude and may be imperfectly expressed, but they are shrewd and his own. After all, that is the main thing. So many of us have opinions that are borrowed—or stolen.

He is a sportsman, too, and he knows the games he follows. His whippet, again, is as much to him as the racehorse to another type of sportsman.

I close upon one point not generally known. He is a garden-lover—I refer here to the miner who stays in a village. The pride he displays in the flowers he has reared is touching, and only a good man really loves flowers.

Take him any way you please, and you will find him—a man.

PETER ANDREW.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE Y.M.C.A. AGAIN.

You will remember that some time ago I printed an article entitled "Exposure of the Y.M.C.A." It was written by Mr. A. G. Storm, who is rapidly making a name for himself in the world of letters, and it was printed with my full approval.

This article has been referred to by several publications issued by various branches of the Y.M.C.A., and, as I backed up Mr. Storm in his original article, I am perfectly willing to relieve him of all the onus of defence in regard to the criticisms that have been levelled against us.

I shall set aside the letters that I have received from individual critics, and shall confine myself to dealing with two criticisms which have appeared in magazines issued under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

THEIR METHODS AND MINE.

One noteworthy fact in connection with both of these criticisms is that they avoid mentioning the name of this paper, although they quote copiously from the article in question. One reference to us is "a London weekly with a large circulation; it designates itself as a weekly journal of masculine interest." The other speaks of us as "a modern journal."

It is rather amusing to one who likes fair fighting to study the methods adopted by publications of this type. It is very evident that they refer to my paper, and they might just as well have been sportsmen enough to say so. I ought to say here that many of my most valued readers are members of the Y.M.C.A., but they are not the type of men who write such articles as those in which I have been criticised, neither are they the type which appreciate these articles.

It would be impossible for me to reproduce the articles in full, for they would weary you very much, but I will give you some extracts to show the sort of thing that is produced presumably under the official approval of the Young Men's Christian Association.

"The Young Men's Review," published in Ipswich, says: "Why namby-pambyism and unmanliness should ever be associated with a Christian life we have never been able to understand."

That is precisely what we ourselves have never been able to understand. Mr. Storm pointed out that the average Y.M.C.A. member has gained for himself a reputation among the general public for namby-pambyism and unmanliness, but that is a very different matter from saying that such things are to be associated with the Christian life.

CHRIST AS A MAN.

Jesus, the Christ, worked during the greater part of His life as a carpenter with His father, and we may reasonably suppose that He was a man of muscle, healthy, vigorous, and magnetic. He was far from being one of the pale-faced, psalm-singing breed, for He succeeded in gathering about Him rugged fishermen, who had been accustomed all their lives to meeting strong, vigorous, outdoor men.

Christ would never have been able to establish His Gospel had it not been that He was in His human form essentially masculine, and of a type that appealed to His fellow-men. It is regrettable that most artists who have endeavoured to depict His face have made Him appear almost effeminate. That He was masculine in the extreme is evidenced by many passages in Holy Writ. To associate His name with namby-pambyism would be absurd. But such a term is precisely the one He would probably have applied to the Scribes and Pharisees, and in my opinion there are too many Scribes and Pharisees in the Y.M.C.A. to-day, and it is not to such men that we look for a true interpretation of the teachings of Christ.

For these people to suggest that namby-pambyism and unmanliness are associated with the Christian life means that they are uttering and publishing an absolute lie. Christ never had anything to do with such things; but they were the stock-in-trade of the Pharisees.

FELLOWS OR MEN?

This is my first reply to my critics. The journal to which I have already referred goes on to say: "The taking up the Cross may mean a wrenching oneself away from some undesirable companionship, a sacrifice of some ideal, a cutting off, as it were, of the right hand, and a facing the scoffs and ridicule of godless fellows which often is very hard to bear."

I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to remark upon the weakness of this quotation. I comment on the halting character of its language would, perhaps, be unkind, but I may be pardoned for pointing out that it is the custom among men to refer to other men as men, and not as fellows. "Fellows" is a word generally used only by servant-girls; it is an expression which one man never uses when speaking of another. Is it possible that the editor of the journal may have used the word deliberately in speaking of his readers?

If so he is a more unkind critic of his Association than I am.

Another journal which comments on our article is entitled "Association Echoes." I need not deal with it at any length. One thing it says is that "the whole article was full of misconceptions, ridiculous statements, and, so far from being an exposure of the Y.M.C.A., was simply an exposure of the mental attitude of the writer." Presumably the editor in question intends this remark to apply to those favourable opinions which we gave concerning the Y.M.C.A. as well as to the criticisms which we made.

Candidly, I should like to see these semi-private magazines more competently conducted and their statements more carefully considered.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

I will ask any fair-minded reader to tell me which type of men he would rather have beside him in a tight corner, the good young man who has been reared under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., or the man who has spent his leisure in sport, Territorial work, and so forth. I do not think there can be much doubt as to the decision.

The last magazine referred to was sent me by a Leicester reader to whom I previously replied in our correspondence column. He then asked me if it was sinful to go ratting on Sundays, and whether it was wrong to join the Territorials when his sweetheart objected to his doing so. This is the state of conscience that is created and nurtured by these so-called religious associations. The conscience is brought to acute sensitiveness in minor points, to its great detriment in those larger issues that really count.

THE GOODY-GOOD.

I know men of all kinds, and I have met some goody-goody men. You know they are very good, because they blasphemously bring in texts from the Bible in their conversation, but they are not the type of men who are appreciated by others. Experience has shown me that the professedly religious man is capable of many petty meannesses that would not for a moment be contemplated by an ordinary unpretending sportsman. A man who is genuinely religious appreciates the sacred nature of his Faith, uses it to guide him in life, and, almost unconsciously, makes other men genuinely religious also.

The goody-goody person, on the other hand, disgusts all with whom he comes in contact. "If this is what religion makes a man," says the possible convert, "I'll have none of it."

These goody-goods, whose mental attitude is created and fostered by such articles as I have quoted from, have done more harm to religion than all the atheists that were ever born.

Religion is one of the greatest comforts in a man's life, but the place in which it is to be found is in the Bible, and not in the travesties and misinterpretations that are too often presented to our notice.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

MUFFIN-WORRY ETIQUETTE.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

Men are not so shy of tea-parties as they used to be. For one thing, afternoon tea is now a recognised meal with most men; and for another thing, these functions are now much less informal affairs than in bygone years.

The big muffin-worry—that is, the regular "At Home" for which invitations are sent out beforehand—is still a function, which you must attend in frock- or morning-coat; but the kind of bun-scramble under consideration is the small one, the occasion when it is your hostess's regular "At Home" day, and you go to pay your respects after having received hospitality, or because you are friends, and your wife or your sister, or somebody else's sister, has roped you in to escort her.

On such occasions frock- or morning-coat would still be correct, though tweeds would not be wrong. Don't, however, turn up in bicycling costume.

Leave your hat, stick, gloves, and overcoat in the hall, but don't hang up your hat or coat; give them to the servant to dispose of.

If you have ladies with you, they precede you into the drawing-room, but in giving your name you come first. Thus if you are with your wife you are announced as Mr. and Mrs. Dash. On the other hand, if your mother or mother-in-law is also with you, then she, as the senior lady, is announced first—"Mrs. Blank, Mr. and Mrs. Dash." Or again, if somebody else's sister is with you, she takes precedence thus, "Miss Jones, Mr. Brown."

Shake hands with your hostess first, next with any other ladies of the house present, afterwards bowing to the general company, although you may personally greet any friends who happen to be present.

Introductions are not usually made nowadays at tea-parties, more especially large ones, and you are perfectly at liberty, in fact, you ought, to speak to any lady near whom you find yourself.

Remember, however, that your acquaintance ends with that afternoon, unless she desires to renew it, and if you meet her afterwards in the street you must wait for her to bow to you before raising your hat or giving any sign of recognition.

Men are in great request at feminine tea-parties, and many a man has done a good stroke of business for himself by making himself useful and agreeable at a muffin-worry.

Your principal duty is to wait on the other guests and to let none wait on you.

Carrying cups about is rather an ordeal, especially when they are of the egg-shell order, and you have been sitting up late o' nights and your hand is a bit wobbly. If you really funk cup-carrying, possess yourself of the cream-jug and sugar-bowl, or a couple of plates of cakes, and stick to them.

The management of his own cup is something of a misery to a nervous man. Etiquette demands that you should hold cup and saucer in your hand while drinking your tea, though in the intervals you may place them on a convenient table. Don't, however, use a table to take your tea from. Having finished, and if you don't want another cup, you should return the cup to your hostess or leave it in a safe place, *not* on the floor.

Conversationally, you should try to be bright and amusing, but avoid attracting attention to yourself by talking or laughing loudly.

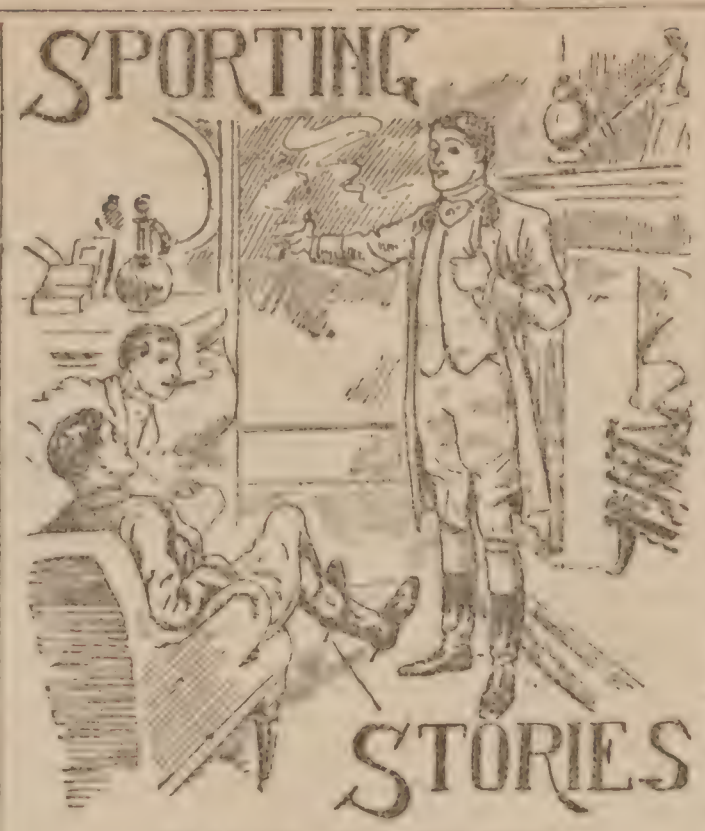
Don't seek to monopolise your hostess. If you particularly wish to see her, or she you, she will ask you to stay on till the others have gone.

If you have ladies with you, it is, of course, for them to make the move. When saying good-bye shake hands with your hostess first, the other ladies of the house next, and then bow to the rest of the company. Don't go round shaking everybody by the hand.

If a lady leaves while you are present, you should rise and open the door for her if you are the only man present or the man nearest the door. In any case you should rise when a lady gets up to go, whether you are talking to her or not.

You should not, however, see a lady downstairs or to her carriage unless asked to do so by your hostess.

C. DE C. MARJORIBANKS.



IMAGINE HIS FELINES.

The trainer was a man who feared nothing that had ever been shod—except his wife, and his wife had a cat named William Henry, and William Henry, being his wife's cat, had to be duly respected by the trainer.

Now it happened that William Henry courted much and often during the night, and his music kept the trainer awake. One day the trainer met the village doctor and said to him: "Doctor, I am very much bothered with sleeplessness. Our cat keeps me awake all night."

The doctor gave him a powder and told him he thought that would put him right.

A week later, the trainer's wife sent for the doctor, for her husband was dangerously ill.

"I've never felt well," he said, when the doctor arrived, "since I took that powder, which you gave me for insomnia."

And it was then that the doctor explained that the powder was intended for William Henry.

PIPPED.

"Pa," said the little boy, holding out a pip on the palm of his hand, "if I were to put this in the ground would it grow into an orange tree?"

"Certainly, in time," said his father.

"It's very wonderful, isn't it, Pa?" said the boy.

"It is," replied his father, "but all things are wonderful."

"This is extra wonderful, though, Pa," said the little boy, "because this is a lemon pip."

SCORED FOR ONCE.

Mr. Peckham was the type of man who did very well as the husband of a Suffragette.

We are not telling you this to waste your time, but simply to show you the sort of man and the sort of woman Mr. and Mrs. Peckham were.

One morning as Mr. Peckham was taking a furtive look at the newspaper, Mrs. Peckham entered the room and said: "Thomas, you are the most wasteful, untidy, careless and benighted wretch I ever came across." (We put it that way, but what she said was rather stronger.) "You have no idea how to take care of your clothes. When I entered the kitchen to-day you were lighting the fire in your new cashmere trousers."

Mr. Peckham folded the paper and his hands.

"My dear," he said, "if I might venture to say so, I believe you are slightly in error. It was not in my cashmere trousers, but in the kitchen grate that I lighted the fire."

GOOD POSITIONS

can always be found for men with Special Ability. There are hundreds of men with Special Aptitude for a certain class of work who are in positions where that Aptitude has no scope, and is accordingly not appreciated or properly paid for. We want such men. If you are one of them, and can prove that you are capable of filling a Responsible Position, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

PRACTISING.

AN IMPORTANT PART OF ALL ATHLETICS.

Practice sometimes makes for imperfection as well as for perfection.

Of course steady practice is essential to excellence at any game, and practice must be continued for ever after skill has been acquired, but many men use practice unwisely and defeat the object aimed at.

The commonest mistake is the overdoing of practice. Some men seem to think that practice should be made not only a metaphorical, but an actual weariness to the flesh; they practise until they are mentally and physically tired out, and then they wonder why they go right off their game.

Short, sharp bouts of practice are by far the best, and the exercises should be as varied as possible.

Another point is that practice should be easy—that is to say, what you attempt should be well within your powers. Practice, after all, is not the learning of something new, but the making sure of something that you already know how to do. One great object of practice is to give you confidence, and therefore you should keep well within your limits at practice. The man who wins at games is the man who never misses an easy shot, and practice of easy shots alone can confer this all-important certainty.

Practice must be earnest. Some men are apt to say, "Oh, it's only practice," and to be slovenly in their play or exercise, but this is a great mistake.

Then practice should so far as possible be carried out under the conditions that will prevail at the forthcoming contest. For example, if you are going to play a billiard match on a standard table, it is not much use practising on an ordinary table with wide, easy pockets.

It is also advisable to "dress the part" at practice. If training for a glove contest, do your sparring and ball-punching in ring attire, and if you are in for a contest where your feet will play an important part, practise in the shoes or boots you will wear when the actual contest comes. Dorando was greatly bothered in his recent match with Gardiner through wearing a new pair of shoes that did not suit him, and many a man has thrown away a race or game by donning something at the last moment that was new and uncomfortable.

Half the battle in practising lies in knowing when to leave off. As I have said, practice should be short and sharp, but I mean the importance of knowing when to stop practice altogether. Many men fall into the error of practising right up to the last minute before the contest, with the result that they go to the post stale and faded and with no reserve force up their sleeves.

J. H. Bishop, when he won the "Evening News" Marathon Cycle Race, did not ride a yard for a whole week before the match. Of course, his case, as he himself told me, was exceptional, for Mr. Bishop is always more or less in training and requires little practice to get himself fit. But whatever the nature of the contest, a complete rest from practice is absolutely essential before it, and the longer and severer the character of the trial, the longer should be the rest beforehand.

Major Fleming, last year's Amateur Billiard Champion, never so much as looked at a cue for several days before he astonished the billiard world by his remarkable execution.

Some games or exercises make for proficiency in others, and practice at them provides an agreeable variety.

Billiards, for example, is excellent training for rifle-shooting. On the other hand, golf is the worst possible adjunct to cricket, while weight-lifting exercises are bad for the boxer.

The whole point is that practice must be made interesting and enjoyable if it is to serve any useful purpose. Therefore practice spells should be short and sharp, and should not fully extend the practiser, for it is better to enter the arena a trifle above yourself than overwound.

D. S. HAMPSON.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

DRUGS.

Some men travel about with a sort of miniature apothecary's shop, and are never happy unless they are dosing themselves for some malady or other.

The man who takes a natural interest in his physical welfare and bodily development will steer clear of drugs as much as he can, and let nature take her own course.

But it is possible to err on the other side, and some of the simpler forms of medicine are by no means to be despised, either as preventives or as cures. Quinine, for instance, especially ammoniated quinine, is invaluable for staving off a cold after a wetting, and castor oil and a few drugs should always be found in the culturist's medicine cupboard. But though that cupboard should not be empty, it should never be visited without a genuine cause.

AN ALL-ROUND EXERCISE.

The exercise here described is to be recommended to all those whose time for physical culture is limited, and to those who are anxious to improve the carriage of their figure.

Stand erect, with the heels together and the hands by the sides.

Stoop down, as shown in the sketch, until you touch the ground between the toes with the finger-tips.

For the muscles of the spine.

Return to the upright position with the arms extended straight in front of the body, the head being bent forward between them.

When the rest of the body is erect, raise the arms slowly, the head still remaining between them, until they are pointing straight upwards.

Then press the head back, swing the arms sharply backwards and downwards, so that they are slightly behind and away from the sides.

Take a deep breath at the beginning of this last movement and thrust the chest out as far as possible. Continue to inhale until the hands are once more by the sides and then exhale and repeat the whole exercise.

The exercise takes less time to do than to describe, but it contains so many different movements and brings into play so many different muscles that it has few equals as an "all-round" exercise.

The muscles chiefly exercised are those of the spine, and besides an erect figure, a fine arched chest and well-developed lungs will be produced.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

A form of athletics that does not meet with the popularity it deserves is putting the weight. Of all the events in any athletic sports—with the possible exception of throwing the hammer—it is usually the one for which there are fewest entries.

Yet it is a fine form of exercise for the physical culturist, and demands a large amount of outdoor practice.

The rules of the A.A. are simple. "The weight shall be put from the shoulder, with one hand only, from a 7ft. circle. The weight shall be of iron and spherical, and shall weigh 16lbs."

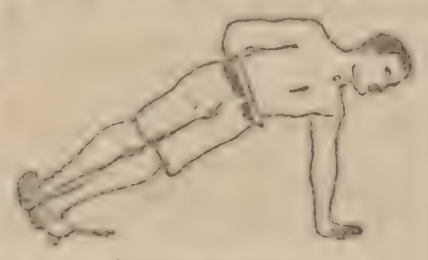
The present record is 40ft. 3½in. made by Mr. Rose at Kilmarnock in 1908.

There is no form of modern athletics proper in which the muscles of the arms are so much brought into play, or in which muscular development plays so important a part. Moreover, it is a pastime which can be practised on any open piece of grass, whatever its nature, and a stretch of fifty yards will be sufficient for all but the would-be record-breaker.

FOR BICEPS, SIDE, AND THIGH MUSCLES.

Sit on the floor with the legs extended in front of you and the body leaning slightly backwards. Place the left hand on the ground about eighteen inches behind you and slightly to the left.

Now twist the shoulders to the left until they are in line with the left arm, and at the same time turn the legs over so that the weight rests on the left thigh, the right leg, with the exception of the heel, being off the ground. Place the right arm behind the back.



A sound developer.

Next raise the body slowly to the position shown in the sketch, turning the head slowly downwards until you are looking at the left hand.

Lower the body again and turn over until you are sitting upright, and then repeat the process with the right hand on the ground and the body turned to the right.

The muscles of the side, and of the thigh, as well as of the supporting arm, are those principally developed.

A TRICK FOR TWO.

This is a feat for the performance of which you will have to enlist the services of a friend—the heavier he is, the more effective will the trick appear.

His part is really almost as difficult as yours, though all he really has to do is to lie flat on his back on the floor and keep his body absolutely rigid while you raise him (as shown in the sketch) to a standing position by means of one hand underneath his neck.

A one-arm test.

The trick is by no means a difficult one to accomplish. As a matter of fact, a man of average strength should be able to lift one nearly double his own weight with one arm, for the weight is divided between his arm and the "dummy's" legs.

Unless the room you are in has a thick carpet, it will probably be necessary to place some sort of a stop against the heels of your victim, or he will slip along the floor as you lift him.

This trick will provide splendid exercise for both those who take part in it. The exertion of keeping the body rigid will benefit almost every muscle of it, and the strain of lifting will also aid the development of many muscles besides those of the arm.

TRICKS OF THE MUSIC-HALL STRONG MAN.

THOMAS INCH, THE WELL-KNOWN PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT, MAKES SOME INTERESTING DISCLOSURES.

It may come as a surprise to readers of THE MODERN MAN to find that quite a number of the striking feats performed by many music-hall strong men can be achieved by a man of only average strength.

I do not suppose that it will startle readers to learn that, with the exception of the weights of Arthur Saxon—the World's Strongest Man—there is hardly a bar-bell on the stage that is not hollow or that weighs anything like what the strong man claims.

Some years ago I remember a strong man touring the halls and claiming to lift a pony and trap and four men with his teeth. The feat, though performed nightly, appeared to defy detection. It is, of course, impossible for a man to lift anything like such a weight with his teeth. The trick was to wear a strap over the shoulders and beneath the leopard-skin. On this strap was a hook, and when the strong man fixed the mouth-piece with which he was supposed to lift the weight in his teeth, he attached to the hook the chain which connected himself to the platform beneath him holding the pony and trap, and really turned the whole thing into a harness lift, the weight being supported by the shoulders, back, and legs.

Breaking chains and bending pokers are feats easy of accomplishment. The strong man knows a trick whereby a "kink" can be put in a chain so that the chain practically breaks itself, whilst chains can be so tempered by a blacksmith or treated with acid that they will easily snap.

One man used to tour the halls and support on his chest a board with a piano and seven or eight men on it. He used to get near the curtain at the back of the stage, and men behind the curtain would catch hold of the board and take off most of the weight, unnoticed by the audience.

The feat of supporting on the body four or even five men, while lying with the neck on one chair or trestle and the heels on another, is performed as follows: Two men stand practically on the shoulders of the strong man and two more right on his ankles. Since both shoulders and ankles are supported by the trestles, any weight on such parts is immediately communicated to the trestles or chairs.

It may be a little painful, but there is no real strain on the body, except for the weight of the fifth man, who really stands on the performer's body.

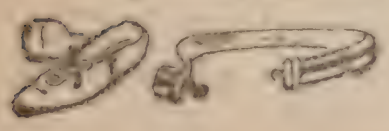
One of the wiles most often resorted to by the stage strong man is to make offers of £25 or so to anyone who lifts his dumb-bell, say, at the second house of each Friday's performance. He himself lifts it at every other performance. It is easy to recognise that the same dumb-bell is used, but what does not transpire is that the dumb-bell is generally hollow for the strong man, but loaded with shot for the special attempts on Friday nights.

Tremendous sensation has been caused by so-called strong men pulling against motor-cars, using the sensational bill-heading of "MAN versus MOTOR." Leaving out the simple expedient of "squaring" the driver of the car, the trick lies in raising the back wheels off the ground slightly, so that the car can get no real purchase.

Many strong men who are supposed to tear packs of cards, do so by tearing a few cards at a time until a great inroad is made into the strength of the pack or packs, after which they can be easily torn.

What I cannot understand is the necessity for any such trickery, inasmuch as I have proved that any ordinary man who is shown how to hold the cards properly can tear a pack of cards.

THOMAS INCH.



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Jan. 7th, 1910.

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I am fully aware that anything in the shape of a testimonial is quite unnecessary, but hope you will accept this as a sense of my appreciation of your services, and your unfailing courtesy and attention to clients.

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National Share Exchange.

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W. H.

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HEALTH.

LET ME LIFT YOU UP——

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It was the day before yesterday when Physical Culture meant only the making of abnormally strong men. To-day it has a practical meaning for—

Territorials, Tennis Players, Golfers, Cricketers, Hockey Players, Billiard Players, Riflemen, Cyclists, Footballers—

in fact, for everybody who indulges in any sport of any description, in any pursuit demanding a healthy body and a clear eye and mind. You may have felt the need for Physical Culture (to-day's meaning, please) even if you have not actually discovered that it is that which is necessary. Have you not found that the game you follow develops particular parts of the body to the detriment of other parts? Do you not find yourself unequal to the exercise involved in your favourite sport?

An investigation of my system of Physical Culture will show you that under my direction every limb and muscle in the body is brought to the proper standard of development. Of course, I pay attention to the demands of any particular pursuit, and am well qualified to do so from practical experience of many sports.

The Editor of every known magazine of Physical Culture will personally vouch for my ability as a Physical Culture Expert, and each one thoroughly recommends my system, and, what is more, their statements are endorsed by

30,000 PUPILS.

But you will see what help to you a normal course of Physical Culture would be if you read my booklet—"Health at Home," which will be sent post free.

WRITE TO

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M., THE BROADWAY, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

INEVITABLE EXPENSES.

One of the things that makes a salary in London no better than a considerably smaller salary in the Provinces is the number of incidental and inevitable expenses that must be incurred in order to enable you to keep your position.

These expenses necessarily depend upon circumstances, but there are few London workers who do not at least have to pay for their lunches, for not more than one in a thousand can get home for the mid-day meal.

There is a natural tendency to cut down expenses in order that the net profit of the week's work shall be as much as possible, but it is the height of folly to cut down expense in the matter of food.

A man may bring sandwiches or buns with him and eat them surreptitiously in the office, finishing his repast with a glass of milk, the only thing that he buys in town, but his mid-day meal has not done him as much good as it should.

A heavy meal is by no means necessary at mid-day, and I know several men with large incomes who never take anything heavier than a scone and butter and a cup of coffee, because they find they can work better after a light meal than after a substantial one. But they have the wisdom to go out-of-doors for this meal. It forms a break for them in the day's routine, for they can go to one place one day and to another the next. In this way their minds are refreshed and they are fitter for the afternoon's work than the man who has stopped in the office for economy's sake during the lunch hour.

Travelling expenses may frequently be cut down with safety and even with advantage, for, unless you live a long way from your work, it is better for you to walk than to ride to it. If you take a 'bus most of the way, you can plan out which section of the journey gives you the longest run for a penny, and you can take that penny's-worth and walk the rest.

The exercise involved will do you a power of good, and will help to keep your brain active for business, besides maintaining your usual physical fitness, by the way, counts for much.

Those who work in offices must not economise too much in the matter of linen. A clean collar daily is a necessity if a man is to look well groomed, but in the matter of shirts he can often save considerably by wearing those with soft cuffs, which can be washed at home instead of being sent to a laundry.

Clothes necessitate a certain amount of expense, but it need not be very much, apart from that incurred in keeping a white collar about your neck and sound boots on your feet, for it is admitted by most that these are the two points of a man's rig-out that catch the eye.

In many jobs there are small incidental expenses which should not rightly be paid by you at all, but which it is nevertheless your policy to submit to. You may be sent on some mission by an employer who keeps no petty cash account, and it may be necessary for you to take a 'bus in order to get back quickly. Everything depends upon the employer, but it is often to your advantage to say nothing about a trifling 'bus fare. After all, you would spend many penny stamps in applying for a new situation if you happened to lose this one, and, although you may not care for the principle, it is just as well to submit to these little annoyances.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

OPTION DEALING.

I find this system appeals to my readers, and I shall therefore give some further particulars.

Option money is, of course, an amount paid for the privilege of calling, that is to say, buying shares at a certain price within a stated period.

Option money is not returnable.

A rise to the extent of cost of option gives back the amount paid. Temporary set-backs do not affect you, and you can participate in any rise that takes place during that period.

Options can be obtained on any class of stocks or shares, whether Government security, from Consols downwards, railway shares, mines, or industrials.

Rates, of course, vary with the position of the accounts from time to time, and the likelihood of a sharp increase in market activity, or the reverse.

Periods can be other than a month. For example, seven and fourteen days' options are very popular, and as they cost less than monthly or three-monthly options, they appeal to a wider circle of operators.

Options of all kinds are granted only subject to cash accompanying instructions. In the absence of instructions, these options are closed at the first official prices on the day they expire.

I am of opinion that a call option in Canadian Pacifics would be profitable, as, despite the recent railway accident, the line is doing remarkably well, and higher quotations may be looked for.

B. T. (Holloway).—Hold your South Africans, as I anticipate higher prices. You appear to have a good profit on West Africans, and I should advise you to take it.

H. J. (Brighton).—I believe the people you mention have started operations under another name; as soon as I obtain full particulars I shall advise you.

E. S. (Handsworth).—Your grievance is similar to many we have regarding treatment received from "inside" brokers; one advantage of dealing with "outside" brokers is that you know the absolute amount of your liability.

I. B. E. (Durham).—1. We know nothing against the firm you name. 2. We should think you have a good chance of making a profit. 3. Option money is not returnable. Therefore, if price does not rise before expiry, you would lose your money.

"PUZZLED."—You will probably have seen an explanation of Option dealing in our last issue, and further explanations in this issue. Firms who deal largely on this system would buy the stocks to protect themselves.

A. T. T. (Putney).—We believe this concern is the best of its kind, and think you would be fairly safe in opening an account with them.

C. H. D. (Sevenoaks), **H. H.** (Sunderland), **COL. G. C.**—Gerson, Hamson and Co. have disappeared from their offices, and up to the present it has been impossible to trace their whereabouts. As soon as we have any information we shall refer to these people again.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR TROUSERS' CREASE.

There are, no doubt, numbers of men to whom the problem of keeping their trousers neatly creased is an extremely troublesome one, because they either dislike the bother of continually using trouser presses or—like a great many of us—they cannot afford such appliances.

Such men, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, resort to the time-honoured device of putting their "bags" under the mattress. But this dodge is not always satisfactory, because it is very difficult, when you have let down the top mattress, to make sure that you have not disarranged the crease of the trousers. And, again, it is not every bed that has two mattresses.

A plan that works very well in the ordinary way for the not over-precise man is to get your landlady now and again to run an iron over your trousers. Then, when you take them off at night, and put them over a chair, or the end of the bed, or whatever it is that you habitually hang them on, remember, in folding them, to turn inwards the front "flaps," where the first brace-button is, on each side.

In this way you will ensure that a straight crease will run all the way from the bottom of the trousers to the top; and even without a press it will retain its evenness for a long time.

"Don't you know, my boy," said the clergyman, gravely, "that you should not play football on Sunday?"

"That's all right, sir," was the cheery response. "We ain't playing; we're only practising for to-morrow's game."

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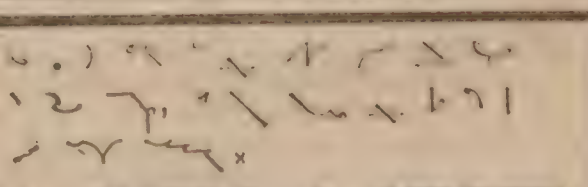

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EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

IX. ODD MAN OUT.

"The beggars might have had the grace to invite you, too," said Ferris, tossing the letter across the breakfast-table.

It was from Lord Braithwaite, of Braithwaite Hall, Worcestershire, asking Ferris to make one of a house-party to be given that week in celebration of the coming-of-age of the Braithwaite son and heir.

"They could hardly do that, as they don't know me," said I, passing the letter back. "Shall you go?"

"Afraid I must. In a sense they're neighbours of the guv'nor's—their place is only a matter of seven or eight miles from ours—and I've known young Eric Braithwaite pretty well all his life. Quite a mettlesome youngster he is. You'd like him. I wish you could come as well."

"Never mind," said I. "I shall occupy my time all right for the few days you're away."

"Pity," mused Ferris. "You should accompany me, only that there is sure to be a big crowd there and the bedroom accommodation is likely to be taxed. Besides, there will be an array of wealth it would do your eyes good to see."

I glanced at his innocent expression suspiciously.

"Merely to see," he added, with a slow smile, "and perhaps to covet. But not to handle, old chap, though I read the anticipation thereof in your face."

"Nothing of the kind," I contradicted. "I was simply wondering whether you had an idea of anything in that line."

"While guest in the house of an esteemed friend? You do me injustice, Burke. There are certain rules to be observed in every game, you know, and I should regard that scruple as one of them."

"Hear, hear!" I agreed heartily, whereupon Ferris laughed, and changed the subject.

At the time I looked upon the laugh as being but good-humoured understanding of my relief, but in the light of after events I have often wondered whether it was not satirical amusement at my believing him capable of any scruples at all, for two days after I had seen him off at Paddington in the best of spirits I received the most staggering blow of my life.

I was in the Strand shortly after lunch, and the placard of one of the evening papers caught my eye. I looked at it, bereft of comprehension, for a full minute, save for the inward feeling that now at last the inevitable had come.

One must have been a criminal to be able to know what the ceaseless dread—nay, *expectation*, of discovery is like. It is a grim-visaged spectre which waits upon you at every stride. Like a shadow, there is no escape from its haunting presence. It is there at the moment of waking; it follows you through every hour of the day, and at night it accompanies you to your bed again. Even in dreams it goes with you, there to take clearer shape and stand by your elbow, its upraised hand slowly descending until you feel a gradually tightening grip on your shoulder . . . the grip of the law! And that is when you awake.

Such is the price extorted for the passing exhilarations of a career of felony—unless, indeed, one be a Ferris, M.P., with nerves of steel—so little wonder that the sight of that placard left me gaping.

For upon it I read:

SENSATIONAL ROBBERY AT BRAITHWAITE HALL.

GUEST CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

At least I can take some credit to myself for the way I acted after the first paralysing shock of horror had passed.

I bought a paper. I folded it up and put it in my pocket. I turned into the buffet of one of the hotels and called for a drink. And not until I had lighted a cigarette and taken a calm survey of the men about me did I open out the paper to see what it had to say.

And this is the information I saw indistinctly printed under "Stop Press News."

"Our Steadley correspondent wires that a daring robbery was attempted last night at Braithwaite Hall, where Lord Braithwaite is entertaining a numerous house-party, the culprit being caught and arrested after an exciting struggle. A sensation has been caused by the rumour that the alleged thief was a guest in the house, and is well known to London society."

That was all; but it was enough.

Our plans in the event of such a disaster as this had long since been prepared by Ferris. One could not be captured without the other coming under the peril of suspicion; we had been too much inseparable for that; and Ferris had no patience with my quixotic argument that punishment, as with other things, should be shared and shared alike. Get free, if there was any chance of it, and live to fight another day was his command.

I took a hansom immediately to my rooms. Unless a warrant was already out against me I should be in Paris ere morning bound for a retreat which Ferris had already arranged. And the devil strengthen my arm for the second fight.

On the threshold of my room I halted, my heart giving a great leap. A man, with his back towards me, was standing at my table, turning over the papers.

"You've been jolly industrious in my absence, Burke," said he over his shoulder. "This article on Equality of Opportunity is a positive gem."

And the next instant I was wringing the hand of Ferris with all my might.

* * * * * * *

"Arrest me . . . ? Heaven defend us, why on earth should they arrest such an irreproachable member of the community as *me?* No; and I haven't escaped or any theatrical nonsense of that kind. As a matter of fact, old chap, you may take it from me that when the myrmidons of English justice once lay affectionate hold of you there's no escape outside the realms of popular fiction. You mustn't be there when they call for you—that's the only key to the gate of liberty.

"But sit you down, old Irishman, and wipe that unhappy look off your comely phiz. A cigarette—and just one medium-strength whisky-and-splash. I have the most delightful little yarn to spin to you.

". . . Yes; everything was going really well until the unfortunate development you wot of. The clumsy gentleman's name? All in good time. I can't spoil the story by telling it backwards.

"Old Mellisham was there, my respected political chief, and his wife, and all the little Mellishams—somewhat bulky the feminine sprigs of the parental tree, by the way. And Miss Honiton, the lady novelist whose morals are no better than her style. And the Outrams, and Barlows, and Mackenzies. And Willis Fraser, who all but won the Oaks last year with a selling-plater. And the notorious Mrs. Anstruther, with her devoted Billy Kennedy. And, yes, the Dowager Lady Stembridge, steaming hot as ever, both physically and conversationally. And a host of other nonentities, including the locals, from the bibulous squire to the ascetic vicar's daughter.

. . . .

"I had one startler sprung on me two minutes after sitting down to dinner on the first evening. Almost opposite to me at the table, conducting himself among that distinguished gathering as to the manner born, was—guess, Burke!"

"I couldn't," said I.

"Inspector Weston, of Scotland Yard, my boy!" Ferris changed his position with a quick laugh. "Got up with side whiskers and a benevolent smile, name of Cartwright, and interested in the export of scriptural literature to the Cannibal Islands; but Inspector Weston in the flesh. And if there is any individual on this benighted isle destined to call me to account for my sins, there he was, squatting before me!

"Positively he ought to have been an ogre at the feast. But he wasn't. You know the innocent intentions with which I went down? Well, what could a man do with such a challenge thrown in his face? I tell you, Burke, there were enough jewels in that room to cause an Archbishop to fall from virtue—probably more than enough—and it didn't require a ton of intelligence to know what *he* had been brought down from town for.

"Why, even on my immediate right was sufficient to keep you in moderate luxury all your life, old chap, for upon the ample neck beneath the treble chin of the dear old Dowager there gently rose and fell the famous Stembridge emeralds. Yes; I looked at Weston, and I looked at that iridescent necklace, and the stakes of the game seemed upon the table already.

"As luck would have it, I received official news of the object of his visit shortly after dinner. Eric Braithwaite got me into a quiet corner, swore me to secrecy, and obliged me with details. That buoyant youngster has the unwisdom to admire me; hence the confidence.

"It appeared that the sequence of mysterious burglaries which have been occurring recently in town—how that lad would have stared if he had only known that the partial perpetrator was within a foot of him, Burke!—had persuaded his father to have Weston on the spot to keep an eye on things, particularly the servants. The wheeze was being kept very dark, simply because its success depended upon its secrecy. Of course I swore to keep mum, and was quite as excited about the prospect of fun as my young friend.

"Now I'll skip a day, for nothing happened of consequence till the following night, the night of the ball in commemoration of Eric's new manhood. You don't know Mrs. Anstruther, do you?"

"Only by reputation," said I. "A woman can scarcely figure in three divorce cases and still maintain a shy reserve."

"Well put!" said Ferris. "Yes; she has been a bit steep, but such a queen of beauty is she that it is incumbent upon one to forgive, even if one can't forget. Moreover, she has the knack of turning herself out fresh and smiling first thing in the morning—a knack which many of her sex would do well to acquire—and she is probably the finest horsewoman in England.

"Forgive this hymn of praise. It is merely by way of explanation of her power over men who are impressed by such things.

"Well, to come to the 'osses. The dance was over just before two, owing to the number of juveniles present, and at half-past I was in my bedroom. It was a room leading out of the central gallery on the first floor, with a verandah outside and casement windows.

"I admit I did not mean to get to sleep all at once, though I was anxious for the house to do so. As a matter of fact, I was rather occupied with the problem of how to work the oracle with the Stembridge emeralds.

"The old reprobate had been drinking with her customary freedom, and was pretty sure to sleep heavily. But I had ascertained that her room was on the floor above mine, the matter of half a street away, and Weston was in all probability prowling about the corridors.

"I made this probability certainty by hopping along to an adjoining bathroom after I had got into my pyjamas, and running slap bang into the gentleman coming out.

"As I was going back I saw him descending the grand staircase to below.

"'I left my cigar-case in the billiard-room,' he called softly.

"'Oh, yes," said I. "Good-night."

"And I entered my room, half-persuaded that it was no go for that night. But I didn't like being beaten, Burke, I tell you straight, and I sat in a chair by that open window, watching the moon rise, listening with all my ears for a cat-like tread past my door, and thinking as hard as ever I had done in my life. But there was no conceivable excuse to go trotting about the landing again, much less upstairs, and it is somewhat necessary to have a perfectly sound excuse for any irregularity when old Weston is about.

"Well, the moon—a full moon, too—went floating up the quiet heavens with a grin on her face which seemed to say that she would watch outside while the other spy watched within—and the tower clock chimed three fifteen—and there I sat, silent as the Sphinx.

"And it couldn't have been many minutes later when I found I wasn't the only one who was taking a poetic interest in the night. I smelt tobacco smoke, Burke; Turkish tobacco; and a good brand of it, too, if I'm any judge; and it came wafting through the window, mixed with the night air.

"Now, who the deuce was smoking an excellent Turkish cigarette, and why, if the smoker was in the shrubbery below, hadn't I heard him? You may have have noticed, old chap, that I have been blessed with singularly acute senses, and those were circumstances when they can be utilised to best advantage.

"I didn't move. Oh, no! He might be as sensitive to sound as myself. And the following moment I tumbled that the smoke didn't come from below at all, but from the open window of the room next to mine on the left. For I distinctly heard the rustling of someone on the adjoining verandah. And the rustling was feminine, by Jove!

"I stepped to the corner of my window and took one peep at the nocturnal worshipper. Standing with her hands on the verandah rail, in a dark dressing-gown, her hair down her back in a schoolgirl plait, was a woman—and the profile against the night-sky, clear cut as any cameo, was the profile of Mrs. Anstruther!

"Now, it is hardly my custom to make furtive study in négligée, so I backed away instanter after my peep—but not before that peep had told me one peculiar thing and my memory another.

"The one was that she had tied a white handkerchief round the verandah rail and the other was that the room she was in hadn't been Mrs. Anstruther's the night before at all. It had been occupied by two of the Outram girls.

"Then, in piscatorial parlance, I 'rose to it.' The neighbouring lady had evidently made some excuse to get her room changed, doubtless for the purpose of signalling to Billy Kennedy, who slept precisely above. It was not exactly the most charitable of assumptions, old chap, but, still, she was Mrs. Anstruther . . . and such things had happened before in country houses.

"At any rate, I was sufficiently tolerant to their wishes to tumble into bed and leave them to conduct their intrigue in peace.

"And suddenly it occurred to me that if Billy Kennedy was ass enough by some means to effect communication between his room and hers—the drop down was easy enough; it would be the getting back that might be troublesome—then what if Weston spotted him? My gad, the fat would be in the fire!

"I skipped out of bed on the thought. Lady Braithwaite shouldn't have an unpleasant incident of that sort detected in her house if I could prevent it.

"And to prevent it was easy. If I found any indications that way—say, the opening of Billy's window and his preparation for descent —I had merely to cough and stroll out on to my verandah and that would effectually frustrate their indiscreet intentions."

He paused to cast away the stump of his cigarette and to light another. I had long since forgotten mine. Humour lurked about the corners of his mouth, but the languid lids only half concealed the glitter in his eyes.

"But it may interest you to know, Burke," he continued, "that all my fancy shots clean missed the bull's-eye.

"Certainly Kennedy's window went up—with a jolly lot more noise than I should have been guilty of—they were sash windows up above, you must understand, and there was no verandah like mine—and following that came a soft whistle.

"I was at the casement watching when Mrs. Anstruther came out, and what I saw stopped the coming cough in time. For she held out her gown, looked up, and—plop! Something was caught in it!

"Higher up the sash creaked once more, and my accomplished and beauteous neighbour disappeared into her room, silent as a shadow.

"My loyal partner, I was in a state of addled conjecture as to the meaning of all this when suddenly there began the very devil of a hulla-balloo up above—bangings on doors, shouts, stamping feet. Out comes Mrs. Anstruther again and stares up—and I heard her hiss like a snake, then she doubled back.

"And the meaning of it all, Burke, hit me clean between my eyes. Blind I had been, but now that I could see it was time to act.

"What did I do? Skipped over the barrier between her verandah and mine, and in the light of that baleful moon I observed her slip something under her pillow and then unlock her door and scud out of the room. I did ditto back to my own, knocked about the bed-clothes a bit, and tore upstairs likewise.

"Every room I passed was emitting its quota of scared white-clad humanity, and the rumpus was enough to make a donkey hurry.

"Upstairs and along a landing to a crowded room, to hear the sharp voice of Weston above the rest.

"'I saw him,' he was saying, 'I saw him come out of the room down that corridor, and I was after him like a shot.'

"'It's a lie!' said Billy Kennedy, who was white as paper. 'A damned lie! I've never been out of my room.'

"Braithwaite, pale almost as Kennedy, was endeavouring to quell the disorder, but to no purpose, and to make matters worse young Eric rushed in to say that the Dowager Lady Stembridge's necklace war missing.

"Kennedy kept on denying and Weston accusing and everybody questioning.

"'Search me! Search my room!' cried Billy, who knew as well as I did what the result would be and how much it would tell in his favour. Between ourselves, Burke, he is no amateur at the game. Such is the influence of women. With good women it's good, with bad women it's worse than bad.

"Well, go on!" I urged.

"Nothing much more to tell. Weston snarled at him and threw up the window. Then Eric and a small crowd went tumbling downstairs at his command to search the lawn and the shrubbery below.

"Then we were all turned out, and Weston searched Kennedy and his room as only he knows how to do it.

"The plot began to thicken when Weston wanted to search the rooms immediately below, but Lord Braithwaite intervened. It was only Weston's word against Kennedy's, he said, and he would not have all his guests insulted. So that part of the matter fizzled out, to the immense relief of Mrs. Anstruther. I saw one look pass between her and Kennedy, and it gave me something of an insight into the human heart. Blackguard though he might be, he was not going to give her away."

"And the Dowager?"

"Snored through it all, and had hysterics when she learnt the truth. Kennedy is under arrest, but it's a thousand to one against their finding enough evidence to convict."

"Well, it's an extraordinary tale," I summed up. "For once in a way the woman comes off best."

I doubted it even as I said it, for there was a twinkling devil in Ferris's eye which hinted at more to follow.

"I told you," said he, "that I watched the lady slip something under her pillow, and that I then cut back to my own room. But I delayed a moment to enter hers first. Think what it would have meant for her if the boodle had been found in her possession."

And with a laugh he placed one boot across his knee and began to unscrew the heel.

It was hollow; it had a packing of cotton-wool, and beneath the cotton-wool, nestling securely, was—the Stembridge emerald necklace.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A LONDON NUISANCE.

"Good morning, Colonel!"

This is a remark which you will often hear made to you in the course of a jaunt through the West-End of London, and turning in the direction of the voice, you will find a greasy loafer smiling at you benignly.

If you are wise, you will shake your head at him discouragingly and pass on as quickly as possible; but if you are of a more or less forbearing and genial disposition, you may possibly listen to what he has to say.

He will come up to you and whisper in your ear confidentially that he has an absolute "snip" for to-morrow's big race, red-hot from young So-and-So, who is riding the horse. He tells you the name of this wonderful "cert.," and then, realising your desire to be off, quickly follows up with a request for a "bob" to back it with himself, saying that such information will be worth "quids and quids" to a gentleman and a sportsman like yourself.

You will shake your head, and he will come down gradually to "tuppence," as he can "make up the rest," but you will be very unwise if your good nature prompts you to give him a penny, for he will only look out for you again next time you are passing.

He is one of London's most intolerable nuisances.

THE FIRST PUFFS AT A PIPE.

For pure, unadulterated enjoyment, commend me to the evening hour, after dinner, when, conscious of having done a good day's work, you loll back in your easy-chair and begin to load your favourite briar with fragrant tobacco.

But have you ever noticed that the keenest pleasure is derived from a pipe during the first few puffs? After a minute or two's smoking the taste of the tobacco somehow becomes less accentuated, and your smoke tends to resolve itself into a matter of placid puffing and idle watching of the smoke wreathing upwards. You catch yourself waiting, almost impatiently, for the tobacco to burn out in your pipe so that you may fill it and light up again. Strange to say, the same effect is not produced by putting more tobacco into a pipe already half-full of burned weed. The luxury of the first few puffs is only enjoyed to the utmost when the pipe has been freshly filled.

Here is a good dodge for prolonging the "puff preliminary." Most men, when they "light up," hold the match over the bowl until it burns down to their fingers, passing it round and round over the tobacco till all is in a glow. Well, don't do this. Simply light one little spot in the centre, and draw vigorously until the whole is red. Thus from the first puffs you will derive immeasurable "sweetness long drawn out."

Whether smoking really does a man any good is a matter of opinion, but as most of us smoke, it is just as well to secure the maximum of enjoyment in the process.

THE TURKISH BATH MAN TALKS.

3.—About By-words and Nonsense.

A friend of mine who is a solid man, very grave and very conservative, has read my talks. He says that in talking in this way I weaken my case. I ought to be professional, use the medical terms, and be more business-like. What he means is—I ought to be solemn and, dare I say it—dull.

Well, I am not solemn and I am not dull, and I do not want to be solemn or dull. I love my business and I take a delight in it. Through the thing I sell—the Gem Turkish Bath—I am a man who is always fit, and fitness makes for cheery, confident, good-temper.

And what is the use of me boring you with words in six syllables, mostly derived from the Latin. Mine is a simple proposition, I can explain it simply, and I have nothing to conceal in learned obscurities.

I am concerned just in interesting you. I am simply a plain business man, with a passionate belief in what I sell. I put my case straightforwardly, just as you would talk to me, if you met me personally and as I should answer you. And what I say I mean, and if what I sell strikes you as not being worth the money you pay, I send your money back.

Now let me leave my solid, though well-respected friend, and get to business. This is my story, and I keep on telling it. Someone is being influenced all the time. You may not come in to-day or to-morrow, but you will get to know my ways and believe in my sincerity, and you will get the health-giving Gem Turkish Bath habit in time.

For that is my story—I want you to buy a Gem Turkish Bath. When you buy a Gem Turkish Bath, I shall make a profit on you. I canno afford to give them away. I have to sell them—I need the profit.

But don't let us humbug ourselves. I am not ashamed to admit that, in the ordinary way of trade, I need you as a profitable customer. But I would be ashamed, in the way of trade and in every hour of my private life, if I was not certain I could give you something worth your money.

My Gem Turkish Bath is a good thing—good when you are well, better when you are ill. If you are well, it will keep you fit. If you are ill, it will cure you. I use it myself, and I keep well. My friends use it and they keep well. My customers buy it and they keep well. And when they started the Gem Turkish Bath Habit some of them were not well enough to stand upright without shaking or groaning.

I say—but every medical authority has said this before me—that the mission of the blood is to be pure and to build up the body. It has a secondary duty, to carry away the waste of the body, to act as its scavenger. If you have the time you can verify this.

The kidneys do a great work in cleansing the blood. The bowels take another great share. People know this and most people's kidneys and bowels act well because nature sees to the matter automatically.

But many people do not know that the third great cleansing force is the skin with its hundreds of thousands of pores, and the skin, owing to the way we live, always needs help to make it act freely, breathe easily, and sieve out of the body the impurities floating in the blood.

The ordinary man who walks ten miles a day does not need to know this—the exercise gives him the help, causes the perspiration which opens the pores. It is the man at the desk or the counter, the woman in the home or the shop who ought to know. People who lead sedentary habits are not well because they have not time to take the exercise which makes the pores act.

They get stout, lethargic, easily tired. They get palpitation, nervousness, dyspepsia. They get neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. All because the skin does not act properly.

Doctors prescribe drugs and exercise for everything. They know, and I also know, that thousands of people cannot take the necessary exercise. They must get my Gem Turkish Bath to be well, and once a week get the skin acting and the body cleansed. And that is all that it does.

But it is a great deal. It means never being tired instead of being always knocked up. It means bright eyes instead of dull, tired eyes. It means steady hands instead of shaking hands. It means a feeling of security instead of panic and insecurity. It means power to resist colds instead of taking them. It means no uric acid in the blood, instead of Rheumatism and the pain of all the uric acid breed of diseases.

You do not believe my word. Good! I do not ask for the confidence of any stranger. Send for the Bath, try it seven days, go by the book, follow the rules and see for yourself. If you are not getting more fun out of your life, feeling better, and looking fitter, send the Bath back, and I will return the money you paid for it. I shall not argue, but pay you back by return.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—The number of applications that have come in as a result of our offering to give away original sketches has been enormous. As we pointed out at the time, we could make no guarantee of being able to supply the sketch particularly desired by any reader, as each sketch is sent to the first applicant for it, but to all who have written to us concerning this matter we have forwarded one of our best original drawings, and we must ask those who have been disappointed at not getting the particular sketch they wish to remember that the applications have been many and that we have done a good deal in going so far as we have. Several readers, apparently under the misapprehension that we are searching for a home for useless sketches, make us the generous offer to take as many as we care to send them. The number of sketches, however, is too small for duplication, and we cannot send more than one to any one reader. As we said before, no charge is made, neither do we ask you to enclose postage, for this is just a little bit of friendliness on the part of the Editor, and he is willing to bear the expense. Don't ask for sketches in back numbers, as most of them have been destroyed or given away.

P. T. (Wolverhampton).—We have not studied very carefully the facts you give us concerning a lottery competition run by someone in Middelburg, Holland, and we do not care to express an opinion on the matter beyond saying that you are very probably in the right. We should think that the public were sufficiently wary by this time to avoid these fly-traps.

J. CORNISH, 123, High Street, Ilfracombe, is desirous of corresponding with Colonial readers.

B. C. (Manchester).—When you bring your horse in at night, you should give him a good rub down with a wisp of straw, or with a wisp made from the twisted-hay bands that you find round trusses of hay. Get the mud off him and get his legs dry; you can do the more elaborate grooming in the morning.

S. DAVIDSON, 7, Lastingham Terrace, New Walk, York, desires to correspond with readers in America or Australia.

A. R. (Wakefield).—We are surprised to hear that there is no gymnasium in your town, but we are glad to know that several ardent physical culturists have banded themselves together and have formed a sort of private gymnasium. It would be much better for you to join them than to start another and similar organisation as you contemplate doing. Rivalry is all right in its way, but you want to get one club in going order before you tackle the establishment of another.

S. T. C. (Horwich).—The Tichborne trial came to an end in 1874. Do not ask us uninteresting questions like this. Send all such inquiries to "Answers" or "Pearson's Weekly."

F. FEARN, Providence House, Sutton-in-Ashfield, is willing to lend books to other members of the League in his locality.

R. H. (Camberwell).—You say that your work is very hard and that frequently you feel "all of a shake." You add that you eat the best of food, but no meat. Perhaps that explains it.

E. L. (Cologne).—Glad to see you when you reach England; we shall be interested to know what your fellow-countrymen think of the paper.

"ALPIN" (Edinburgh).—If you find that the practising of breathing exercises gives you what you describe as a sharp pain round the heart, you ought to see a doctor. It may be that something is functionally wrong with you, and it may be necessary for you to give up violent exercise. In any case the doctor's fee for examining you will be well spent, for your mind will be set at rest.

T. B. (Dulwich).—We shall print further stories dealing with that popular character "Richard Selby, Englishman," by-and-by; we therefore propose to postpone the publication of this series in book form until after the final stories have appeared.

HOW I KEEP UP A COUNTRY PLACE

WEEK-END HOMES FOR SMALL INCOMES.

I am earning £3 5s. a week in London, and I am by nature, temperament, birth, and upbringing a thorough-going countryman.

I thought when I came to London to get a rise in the world that I should have to throw over all thoughts of seeing anything of country life and sport, when once I had settled down in some bed-sitting-room in a dingy suburb. The most I could expect with any degree of confidence and certainty was that I should be able to return to my natural environment for a fortnight in every year during my annual holiday.

This, indeed, is what actually happened during my first two years in London, for during that time I was not getting my present salary. That I should ever be able to "run" both town diggings and a country cottage seemed too remote a possibility to be worth considering. And all the time I longed for the country.

"MY WEEK-END PLACE."

All those fortunate capitalists who to my knowledge had cottages in the country—which they spoke of as "my week-end place"—possessed retreats which were, I knew, more like palaces than the tiny domiciles one might have expected, judging only from these casual allusions. Always, in my mind, the possession of a week-end cottage was equivalent to the possession of considerable wealth.

And wealth was the one thing I had not got. I have not got it yet; but I have got a week-end place where I spend quite forty-five week-ends of every year, and enjoy myself very thoroughly. Let me hasten to tell you that this can be done even on the £3 5s. a week I am now earning.

One day it dawned upon me that there was really no need to rent a cottage of my own before I could become a regular week-ender. Of course I did not care for the casual boarding or lodging-house, where one could be taken in and more or less done for at any of the popular places where there is a demand all the year round for rooms.

THE REAL COUNTRY.

To me the country was something different from this. It was far from the town and in a remote district, where the tide of popular patronage never yet had flowed, and probably never would flow.

During my first two years in London I saved a little money—it was close on £50—and I did this by setting aside 10s. each week. Even 10s. a week grows in the course of two years. So that when I started for the country to put my plan into execution I was, for a single man with no expensive tastes and a love of inexpensive country life, in a fairly comfortable position, and was not bound to worry over ways and means.

Here, then, briefly, is the plan which I have put into operation, a plan I can heartily recommend to every man who is keen on getting away from London as often as possible.

I knew from very early experience that there was hardly a farmhouse in the countryside in which there were not some rooms that the farmers never used. They are for the most part old and rambling places, often picturesque both within and without, and lending themselves to real solid comfort

PROSPECTING.

During one of my annual holidays I came down to my favourite district, put up at the village pub, and made a careful tour of the farmhouses, calling at some that took my fancy, and making careful inquiries as to what accommodation there was, and what chances of a little rough shooting now and again, and whether a horse could be hired for half a day at times.

Needless to say, I found little difficulty in taking over from one of the farmers a couple of quaint rooms opening into each other, and situated in a wing of the farmhouse that gave a capital view.

I pointed out that I should only occupy the place on Saturdays and Sundays, and that my needs with regard to grub would quite certainly agree with those of the farmer and his family. And so it was agreed that for £7 a year I was to have these two rooms as my own.

FITTING UP.

This was over a year ago, and the transformation in those rooms has been remarkable. I have put a little comfortable furniture into them; I have filled them with all my outdoor interest, with pictures, and with all my country kit, and they have become quite a sporting centre. The cost of my weekly journey there and back is not large, and for many weeks every year this is avoided, because I cycle down whenever the weather is pleasant.

Apart from the cost of the rooms, which I pay half-yearly (£3 10s.) in advance, to get it done with, I have merely to pay a few shillings for week-end food—money I should have to spend if in town—and I can say without hesitation that I crowd more open-air active sporting interests into my year's week-ends than I had ever dreamed could be possible. Now and then I take a pal with me and we spend some royal times together. The plan is one that beats any other sort of week-end hollow, and it gives an outlet to every interest I possess.

P. R. BRIGHT.

MAKING DOGS USEFUL.

Sometimes one meets in the streets of a city a dog carrying a basket in his mouth. That dog is one of the useful brand, and may be relied upon to do a bit of simple shopping, taking the money for the goods and also a note with particulars relating thereto, and carrying back the parcel in his basket.

It is easy to teach a dog a useful trick of this kind, but you need the collaboration of the shopkeeper. When you go to the shop let the dog carry the basket with the money in it, and let the shopkeeper take the basket from the dog and present him immediately with a piece of biscuit. When the parcel has been tied up, put it in the basket and let the dog carry it, and when you return home give him another piece of biscuit.

He will very soon, provided he is an intelligent dog, learn to associate the reward with the completion of the task, and, after you have personally conducted him to and from the shop several times, he will be competent to carry out the journey alone.

I knew of a case where a farmer, who lived close to the railway line but midway between two stations, educated a dog to go each evening to fetch a newspaper which the guard threw out when the train came opposite the farm.

One night, instead of bringing the paper home, he returned disconsolate and empty-mouthed. The farmer, knowing that something must be wrong, took the dog back to the railway line to investigate. There he found that the wrapper of the paper had burst, and the news-sheet had spread out over a pool of water.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

FOR PUTTEE LEGGINGS.

A friend told me of a very simple and neat little tip the other day, which may be useful to those of my readers who possess a pair of puttee leggings—and many of those who are members of Yeomanry regiments will naturally do so, and will put them to more than a little hard wear.

One often finds that the two small pieces of leather sewn at the back of each legging to keep the strap in place are liable to get torn off or to come half unstitched.

The stitching of them on again is not an easy job for the amateur, and one does not want to be continually sending one's leggings to the cobbler.

The remedy is very simple. Take these loops off altogether, and in place of each cut two slits in the body of the legging just as long as the width of the strap.

The slits should be side by side, and about an inch apart.

By this means you have a loop which forms part of the legging itself, and the strap can be passed into the near slit and out at the further one, and it is thus prevented from riding up or down.

TOBACCO AND CLOTHES.

A correspondent writes to ask me whether there is any method of counteracting the smell of tobacco when one's clothes get impregnated with it.

The most effective means I know is fresh air. Hang the coat up either out of doors or in a good strong draught. Spread it out so that it can get well aired.

It is possible, of course, to spray a coat with scent or something of that sort, but the result is usually a sort of nondescript odour that is by no means pleasant. Most men would prefer to reek of tobacco than of scent.

The best plan, however, in my opinion is that to which I referred a week or two ago, of keeping an old coat for wear either in your own room or the office, or wherever you smoke most often. The ordinary casual pipe or cigarette out of doors or in a friend's rooms, and so on, will not have much effect on a coat; it is the evenings spent at home in a tobacco-laden atmosphere or in a smoky music-hall or other public place that do impregnate the stuff with the smell of tobacco.

By keeping a special coat for these occasions—one that is superannuated from ordinary wear will do—you ensure that your only tobacco-fumed jacket will be worn only when a smell of tobacco does not matter.

INCONGRUITIES OF DRESS.

I have heard it said that the essence of humour is incongruity, and I have no doubt that that is true.

However, it is my business on this page to write about clothes, and not philosophy. But it is undoubtedly true that some incongruities of dress strike one as actually funny, while others merely give one an uncomfortable feeling and appear bad form.

A cloth cap and a frock coat for instance, or a top hat and drab riding breeches—a tile, I mean, of the City variety, and not such as one might find in the hunting field—form combinations that would appear almost humorous if one met them in the street, and in the same category may be placed an evening dress coat with knickerbockers.

But there are other incongruities which one may meet every day, and which have not even the merit of being funny.

Why they should be incorrect I cannot say, but it is sufficient that almost every man realises instinctively that they are so, and there is nothing to gain by running counter to the dictates of fashion. This is one of the spheres in which independence does not pay.

A bowler with knickerbockers, for instance, is such an incongruity, or a bowler with a frock or morning coat, or again brown boots or a straw hat in conjunction with either of the latter garments.

Commonest of all, perhaps, is the wearing of a black tie or double collar with an evening dress coat, or a white tie with a dinner jacket.

In the latter cases, as in many others, the real incongruity consists in confusing formal and informal attire.

Instinct will usually guide a man to the right thing to wear, but if he is in doubt, there is nothing to be ashamed of in asking someone who knows.

WORSTED GLOVES.

There is no doubt that woollen gloves have at last returned to popularity as a part of a man's outfit.

Not long ago they were fashionable only when made of white knitted wool, which certainly looked smart, but was by no means serviceable—at any rate for the town-dweller, whose gloves are bound to suffer from frequent contact with the hand-rails and door-handles of 'buses and trains.

Now they are to be seen in all colours, but mostly in plain "self-colours," the old-fashioned striped and many-patterned variety being relegated mainly to children.

A plain brown, of about the same colour as Cape tan gloves, and a dark grey, are the most generally affected and the most suitable for men's wear.

By getting an extra large "out-size" you can put a pair of worsted gloves to a variety of uses, and can wear them over white kid gloves when going to a dance, or over riding or driving gloves when you want additional warmth.

It is possible to get a very useful pair for tenpence-halfpenny if you are lucky, and a shilling or eighteenpence should secure a pair anywhere.

A kind of woollen glove, the invention of which we probably owe to the motorist, is now on sale, which has very much to recommend it. It has long "sleeves," the ends of which are pulled over the cuffs of the coat, and the remainder tucked inside them so as to keep the wrists warm; this gives a protection from wind and cold which is especially welcome when one is wearing stiff cuffs which do not fit close to the wrist.

CLOTHES AND INCHES.

Have you ever noticed that when an artist draws a cavalryman he almost invariably draws a distinctly tall man?

And probably if you picture a cavalryman to yourself, it is a picture of a tall man that you conjure up.

Yet, with the exception, of course, of the Household Cavalry, the nominal maximum of height for the British cavalryman is 5ft. 8in., from which it is clear that very few cavalrymen can be above the average height.

The real reason that the mounted soldier appears so much taller than he really is is to be found in his uniform.

His overalls are close-fitting and are longer than the infantryman's trousers, for they fit close over the foot and are strapped down.

At the same time, his jacket is in most cases a short one—in many cases actually a shell jacket which does not come below the waist.

Even in a cloak the cavalryman looks tall, for his coat is now a long one, and is to some extent drawn in at the waist but roomy at the shoulders. In many regiments it is fitted with a small cape over the shoulders, which gives an added look of development.

In this way the soldier obtains an apparent length of limb which makes him seem taller, and this appearance is increased by the development of body which he gains from his work and from much physical drill.

A HINT FOR CIVILIANS.

I have mentioned this point as it may be of use to those of my readers who are anxious to add to their apparent height even when in civilian clothes, for a good tailor can do much in the way of optical illusion in the matter of height.

Rather close-fitting trousers of a good length and a jacket slightly shorter than the current fashion might seem to demand, close-fitting at the waist and loose at the shoulders, will do much to add an apparent inch or two to your stature.

At the same time, remember the hint which I have mentioned in an earlier number, and when ordering a tweed suit, choose one of which the stripes run vertically rather than any other kind.

The man who feels that he is taller than he would like to be, or at least appear, has, of course, only to apply the converse of these suggestions.

HOOKED UMBRELLAS.

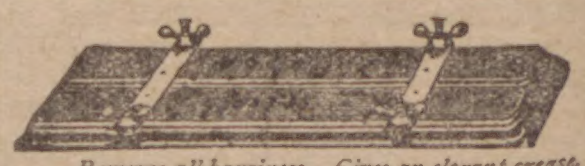
An umbrella is at best an ugly affair, and it is small wonder that the worthy Mr. Hanway, who first dared to carry one in the streets of London, met with a certain amount of derision. But after all it is a very useful one, and when choosing an umbrella it is advisable to concentrate one's attention on the utility thereof.

From this point of view one certainly ought to choose an umbrella with a hooked handle.

This can be hung on the arm—for instance, if you are standing in a railway-carriage or elsewhere, and want to read the paper, or light a cigarette—or it can be hung from the pocket of an overcoat. It is often useful on occasions when your own arm is not long enough to reach something.

Moreover, an umbrella or stick of this kind can be hung up when a straight-handled one can only be stood in a corner or umbrella-stand. It can, for instance, be hung underneath your overcoat and out of sight, on a peg in a restaurant; or, if you are shopping, it can be hung on the edge of the counter, so as to leave your hands free.

In short, a curved handle to walking-stick or umbrella adds to the comfort of life in a hundred trivial ways, quite apart from its appearance or its desirability for walking with, so that it seems difficult to understand why any man should ever choose anything else.



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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent's evening dress-suit, chest 38in., inside leg 31in.; genuine bargain; also morning coat and vest, same size, £1, or nearest offer; dress-suit, £2 2s., or nearest offer.—Box 1712, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dress Suit, cost £6 10s., too small only reason, will take 40s. High-class maker, suit anyone 5ft. 10ins., about 38in. chest; approval.—Box 1709, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's knitted half-hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Pair of riding jack boots, by Bartley, Oxford Street, size eights, calf 14½in.; in first-class condition; 25s.—Box 1715, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Territorial R.F. Artillery, captain's silver lace tunic, mess dress (old pattern), blue serge, and overalls, set silver belts; suit 6ft., 41in. chest; £4.—Box 1716, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Pair gent's Union Adjustable Ball-bearing Skates, excellent condition; also Sandow's Developer complete, hardly used; what offers separately?—Box 1707, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a punching ball, on a stand.—Box 1718, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Full-sized billiard table, cues, rugs, &c. Burroughes and Watts, perfect condition, £60.—Box 1719, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle board, good condition.—Box 1720, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Records, cylinder (32 Edison, 46 Clarion), good condition; worth 66s., accept 30s.—Box 1713, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

B flat clarionet, Hawkes' Excelsior, good condition; 30s.—Box 1721, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good English concertina, steel reeds; exchange three-quarter size violin, bow, and case, and cash to suit.—Box 1722, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mandoline and case, cost 30s.; what cash offers and exchange?—Box 1723, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Wanted, by gentleman, for week-ends, farm digs where rough shooting and riding can be had.—Write stating terms, &c., to Box 1724, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, comfortable apartments by two City gentlemen, North London preferred, terms must be moderate.—Box 1725, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Two splendidly trained gill ferrets, warranted quiet; also two rabbit nets, 100yds. each, good condition. Sell or exchange anything useful.—Box 1714, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, Tamlin's, Hearson's, or other first-class rearer, 60-chicken size preferred.—Box 1727, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 15.

DOGS.

Immense Great Dane pups, best pedigree, fit for exhibition; from £2 each.—Mrs. Taylor, 153, Sultan Road, Portsmouth.

Will exchange white Bull Terrier bitch, 8 months, for good double breech-loader, 12-bore, or anything useful; or sell 30s.—Geo. Turner, Bignalland, Newcastle, Staffs.

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Roller wanted, 2-cylinder, about 10cwt., for pony.—Box 1729, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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"Harmsworth's Self-Educator," complete, unsoiled, 11s.; walking-stick gun, 7s. 6d.; malacca cane sword stick, stag handle, 4s. 6d.; light sword-cane, silver mounted, 4s. 6d.; Waterman's Ideal pen, nearly new, 5s.—Box 1708, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Business and Legal Encyclopædia, absolutely new, cash 21s.; also Chambers's Encyclopædia, 10 vols., 18s. cash.—Box 1735, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

French.—Wanted, Slang Dictionary, or Dictionnaire d'Argot, Delvan, Barrère, or others; state price, date.—Box 1736, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

MEDICAL.

Valuable Silver-plating Secret for Cycles, etc.; recipe 1s. P.O.—Box 1706, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Men handsomely sunburnt immediately (Indian bronze), 9d., post free.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

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